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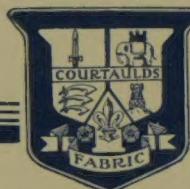
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SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1933.



THEIR MAJESTIES' INTEREST IN LAWN TENNIS: THE KING AND QUEEN WATCHING THE PLAY
ON THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON FROM THE ROYAL BOX.

The King, accompanied by the Queen, visited Wimbledon on the first Saturday of the championships, July 1, and was keenly interested in some very brilliant play. The Queen had been to Wimbledon on the previous day, and had stayed some hours. Their Majesties arrived at about a quarter to three, while the first set of the match between Ellsworth Vines, the holder of the Men's Singles, and D. Prenn

was in progress. They received a wonderful welcome from the dense crowd which, on a day of perfect summer weather, filled the stands to capacity. The match between Vines and Prenn ran its expected course, the champion not being extended in beating even so excellent a player as the German. He did not find it necessary to hit his hardest very often; but did so now and then to make outright winners.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FOR about the last ten years we, being among the victors of the Great War, have been more or less grumbling at the peace which we ourselves imposed. And yet we have hardly ever grumbled at the one part of the settlement that was really wrong. On the contrary, we have taken a perverse pleasure in grumbling at the only parts of it that were really right. While we listened to all the spiteful stupidities of Prussian propaganda against Poland, we never noticed that we had left Prussia with a still more dangerous power of pressure, not only on South Germany, but on Austria. In other words, the one really big and bad blunder in the settlement was that we did not punish Prussianism in Prussia; we only punished it in Austria. Now, it is true that the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was a pure piece of Prussianism, whether or no it was dictated by Prussia. But in Austria the thing was incidental; was even accidental; was even partially provoked. In Prussia the thing is permanent; at any rate, it is incessantly recurrent; as we have just recently discovered, with something like a jump.

For about the last ten weeks we, being naturally concerned to keep some sort of peace in Europe (even, if necessary, the peace which we ourselves imposed), have woken up to the fact that the Prussia which we left relatively strong is again bullying the Austria which we left relatively weak. The just popularity of Dr. Dollfuss is not entirely founded on the joke that he is a small man, but upon the extremely serious fact that he now represents a small country. This is a case, however, in which quality is much more important than quantity. And one of the monstrous mistakes that the victorious Allies, or, rather, the politicians who represented them, really did make after the Great War was a mistake concerning quality. It was an utter blindness and blundering ignorance about the quality of the culture of Austria. Men like President Wilson were brought up in a rather priggish culture, which taught them, among other things, that Kings are rather wicked; but that Emperors are even more wicked than Kings.

Men like the French politicians were brought up in a much finer and more classical culture, but one which had very often an acrid anti-clerical prejudice, leading to a dislike of Austria on quite other and irrelevant grounds. Men like many of the English politicians were not brought up in any culture at all. All had a vague idea that, as poor old Franz Joseph was an aged man with an Imperial crown and several sceptres, he must be even more "out of date" and backward and barbaric than the Kaiser with his several uniforms. What they did not understand is that traditional forms of Monarchy, whether good or bad, are not necessarily barbaric; they are not even necessarily militaristic. And Vienna is not barbaric; not even in the same sense in which Berlin is barbaric.

If we never realised this before, it is time we realised it now; and a good chance of realising it may be found in the duel of Dollfuss and Hitler. It is obvious in the very tone of the two men, when they talk to their respective followers. In most modern politics, unfortunately, it may truly be said that those who make history never know history.

You can see that in the sort of history they make. And, as one of our leading statesmen is said to have been under the impression that Cilicia and Silesia were the same place, it is not surprising that such statesmen did not know what any Middle-European could have told them about the difference in the tone and atmosphere of the Austrian Empire, as compared with either the Prussian or the Russian. The Austrian Empire had its faults, and, as I have said, even committed its crimes. But it was a world in which national types could live with some degree of liberality and ease; they were not all rolled out flat, as they were by the Kaisers and the Tsars. The Poles, for instance, simply hated the Kaisers and the Tsars, but they remained almost on amiable terms with a great many of the Austrians. Polish nobles stood high among the advisers of Austrian Emperors; so did Bohemian nobles. I knew a Bohemian aristocrat

Austria-Hungary was a thousand things; Austria-Hungary was a thousand years; lapsed kingdoms, feudal fiefs, feudal bishoprics, free cities, abbey lands, scraps of forgotten treaties, remnants of the entanglement of Italy with the Holy Roman Empire. These things had all lived together somehow in a muddle, but not in a murderous discord of the sort that divides the Prussian from the Pole. There was relatively an atmosphere of enlightenment; and the light was very largely at least a reflection of the ancient sunlight of the Mediterranean. The number of Austrians who could at any time be persuaded to take part in some utterly brutal piece of vandalism or violence was much smaller than the corresponding number of ordinary Germans. That is the meaning of the present stand of Austria against the Nazis, and the world hangs on it; and I wish we had made the support stronger.

Many in our compulsorily educated culture have laughed very loud at a certain buffoon called William Shakespeare, because he talked about a sea-coast of Bohemia. I doubt whether most of them know anything about the land frontier of Bohemia, or are even very certain of what has become of Bohemia. I do not mean that the Empire should have been artificially retained against the nations; only I doubt whether most of the politicians understood the new nations any more than the old Empire. I think it was entirely just to restore the mediæval kingdom of Bohemia, which was only destroyed by an almost accidental victory of the Turks. But I have never understood why it should change its name to Czechoslovakia; which is rather like restoring the ancient nationality of Ireland, adding a thin and arbitrary strip of Scotland, and calling it Celtaclandonia. I do not see why Serbs should not be called Serbs, under which name they have sung great epics and fought heroic battles; but only called Southern Slavs, which is about as sensible as calling Irishmen Western Aryans. But I agree that some redistribution of Austro-Hungarian elements was reasonable enough. Hungary was treated with definite injustice, which



CAPTAIN COOK'S BOYHOOD HOME IN YORKSHIRE TO BE REMOVED TO AUSTRALIA: THE OLD COTTAGE AT GREAT AYTON, JUST BOUGHT BY THE GOVERNMENT OF VICTORIA TO BE RE-ERECTED THERE FOR NEXT YEAR'S CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

Captain Cook, the famous navigator, who in 1770 first explored the east coast of Australia, spent his boyhood in this little cottage, named Clevelands, at Great Ayton, north Yorkshire. Recently, it was put up to auction, and was bought for £800 on behalf of the Government of Victoria. It is to be taken down, brick by brick, and shipped to Australia, there to be re-erected in a place of honour for next year's centenary celebrations of Victoria, as a memorial of the Englishman who first set foot on Victorian ground. It was at Great Ayton that young James Cook was befriended by Mr. Skottowe, who, realising the boy's ambition to be a sailor, apprenticed him to a shipowner at Whitby. It was here, too, that Captain Cook visited his people after his first voyage to New South Wales and New Zealand. The cottage has been empty for some years. The owners, Messrs. Dixon, in selling it, had expressed the wish that it should remain where it stood, "as a monument to a great and noble man," but subsequently they agreed to a modified stipulation that it should not be moved outside the British Empire.

crat who was almost a fanatic for the national ideals of Bohemia; but it did not prevent him from being on polite terms with the Austrian Court, at which I believe he held some official position. In short, the Austrian Empire may have denied the nations independence, but it did not entirely deny them liberty. It was a relatively tolerant and tolerable Government to live under, even for those who would naturally have preferred to live under no Government but their own. And the reason, again, was a part of that history of the past which politicians will not read.

Prussia and Russia are very new Powers, and they were tyrannical because they were new. There are modern methods of coercion and concentration that were utterly unknown to the loose feudal federations of the past. We all talk of the Prussian fighting-machine; and it was not altogether a fallacy to talk of the Russian steam-roller. There was a simplification about all these new military and despotic States, which only sprang up in the age of mere militarism and mere despotism, in the secular and cynical wars of the eighteenth century. But

could quite easily have been avoided. The vital point, however, is that all this was done by men who, in the most definite sense, did not know what they were doing. They did not understand that, at its worst, there had always been a vast difference between the Austro-Hungarian compromise and the Prussian or Russian coercion. We ought to have weakened Prussia and, if anything, strengthened Austria. We did, in fact, weaken Austria and relatively strengthen Prussia. And at this moment every man in his five wits is wishing we had done the opposite.

We shall go on making those ghastly blunders, and paying for them, so long as the ideal of modern culture is concerned with what is called Progress, or the Future, or what somebody guesses about what nobody knows; what will happen the day after to-morrow; so long as men are accounted cultured and enlightened if they talk of what will happen next month, though they are comically ignorant of what did happen last week; in short, so long as being enlightened means looking for what will happen next, and being more blind than the beasts that perish to everything that has happened already.

GREAT OCCASIONS—POLITICAL AND CEREMONIAL—
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AUSTRIA'S PATRIOTIC REVIVAL: CHANCELLOR DOLFFUSS (IN MUFTI), WITH THE WAR MINISTER, AT THE SWEARING-IN OF THE VIENNA GARRISON.

Since his return to Austria from the Economic Conference in London, Dr. Dollfuss, the well-known Chancellor, has continued to promote vigorously the movement for Austrian independence in opposition to German influences and Nazi terrorism. On June 26 he attended the swearing-in of the young men of the Vienna garrison. For the first time, it is reported, they carried rifles, and the officers wore the old uniform. Dr. Dollfuss is seen (in the left-hand photograph) with



THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR AT A PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION AT INNSBRUCK: DR. DOLFFUSS (CENTRE), WITH DR. STEIDLE (RIGHT), WHO WAS RECENTLY WOUNDED BY NAZIS.

the Austrian Minister of War, Herr Vaugoin. On June 29 the Chancellor visited Innsbruck to attend a patriotic demonstration. Tyrolean regiments, Heimwehr, and other auxiliaries, with a great number of peasants, took part in it. There were about 25,000 people present. Dr. Steidle (seen with his arm in a sling, in the right-hand photograph) is the Tyrolean Heimwehr leader who was recently shot and wounded by Nazis.



FREEMASONS IN FORCE AT EXETER FOR THE OCTOCENTENARY OF THE CATHEDRAL: ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE PROCESSIONS DURING FESTIVAL WEEK.

As noted, with other illustrations, in our last number, the Festival Week in honour of the 800th anniversary of Exeter Cathedral began there on June 24, and continued till July 2. The above photograph was taken on the 28th, when Evensong in the Cathedral was attended by Devonshire Freemasons. The preacher was the Bishop of Crediton. Over 1700 Freemasons were present, in full regalia, making a brave show as they walked to the Cathedral in procession.



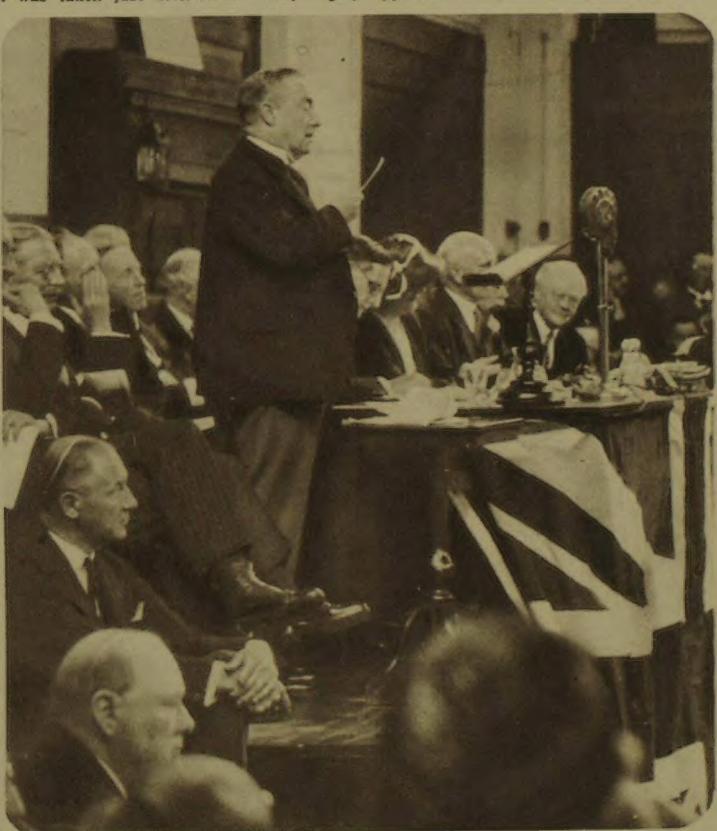
THE GRENADIER GUARDS' BAND IN PARIS FOR A MILITARY MUSIC FESTIVAL: PLAYING IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI, WITH THE MADELEINE IN THE BACKGROUND.

The Band of the Grenadier Guards and the pipers of the Scots Guards recently attended an international festival of military music in Paris, organised by the newspaper "L'Intransigeant." Their playing and their magnificent appearance evoked great enthusiasm. On July 1 they paraded before the President, and on the 2nd played at a service in the British Embassy Church. Our photograph was taken just afterwards. They highly appreciated their hospitable reception.



GERMANY'S "DAY OF MOURNING" ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES: A MASS DEMONSTRATION IN BERLIN AGAINST "THE INFAMOUS PEACE"—WITH SWASTIKA FLAGS AND NAZI SALUTES.

June 28, the anniversary of the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, was observed throughout Germany as a Day of Mourning. Meetings and demonstrations were held in town and country to recall the "shameful hours of the acceptance of the infamous peace," and the new Swastika flag was everywhere flown at half-mast. Our photograph shows the mass demonstration in the Lustgarten at Berlin. Leading Nazis addressed the crowd, and bands played the national anthem and the Nazi Horst Wessel song.



CONSERVATIVE DISSENSIONS OVER THE GOVERNMENT'S INDIAN POLICY: MR. BALDWIN ADDRESSING THE RECENT IMPORTANT MEETING—AND (IN LEFT FOREGROUND) MR. CHURCHILL LISTENING.

The Government's Indian policy was discussed by the Central Council of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, at the Friends' House, Euston Road, on June 28. Mr. Baldwin first addressed the meeting. Lord Lloyd moved a resolution expressing "grave anxiety" at the proposals, supported by Mr. Churchill and Lord Carson, but it was rejected and an amendment adopted by 838 votes to 356.

THE talking-picture of the Prince of Wales deals with his life almost from the day of his birth to the beginning of the present month, when he deputised for the King at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour, on the occasion of his Majesty's birthday. He is seen as a child; at the war; playing golf and riding in steeplechases; engaged in the many-sided phases of a busy public life; and on his travels round the world.

There still remains the question of so much interest to the 463 millions of diversified peoples whom in the future he may be called upon to rule: "What sort of man is the Prince?" The answer to that question is not so simple as it appears. Not alone force of circumstance, but also, to a large degree, inclination, has contributed to the dual individuality which is Prince and man. Stripped of the trappings of State, deprived of that "divinity that doth hedge a king," it is doubtful whether the man and the Prince are even on terms of nodding acquaintance.

A representative product of the English public-school system, the Prince is the type who would be more at home in a mess or on a parade-ground than in a lawyer's chambers or a scientist's laboratory. All the natural talent he possesses he has developed to the fullest degree. He is tactful, diplomatic, and has a pronounced idea of the "right thing." He is no creature of habit, but is rather restless; fond of change and variety, with a strongly developed *wanderlust*.

His outstanding characteristics are common sense and a sense of duty. There is a strong spark of humanity in his nature, which makes him at once tender-hearted and able to unbend without loss of dignity; there is not the slightest hint of condescension. Practical-minded, his leaning is to mechanics rather than to art and literature. Above all, he is a personality. Instinctively unconventional, he likes to be allowed to go, and to do things, in his own way, and one feels that he frequently must envy his friends with almost the same advantages and nothing like his burden of responsibility.

The growing child, his youth and development into manhood, offer an interesting psychological study. The child of tender years who, when complimented on his pretty clothes, instinctively replies: "Oh, we aren't always dressed up like this" (and who, afterwards, recalling the iron training designed to fit him for his future exalted rank, remarks: "As a kid, it was the very devil"), is to grow up into a sturdy, self-reliant boy, who, at the early age of sixteen, is acting as host at a dinner-party and conducting his first ceremony in public.

The care-free Oxford undergraduate dramatically assumes the uniform of the soldier, and, in the Prince's own words, "finds his manhood." This is to prove the epic chapter in the history of the Heir to the Throne. He is so slim and boyish-looking, this royal subaltern, that in the Guards' battalion to which he is posted the old soldiers regard him with amusement. As he strides at their head on his first route-march, there are audible comments from the ranks that "a little child shall lead them." The Prince says nothing, but he sets his jaw. That day he takes them so far that, long before they have reached home, the Guardsmen have formed a different idea as to his physical powers.

Hundreds of young men of his own age read with cynical amusement that the Prince of Wales is to proceed on active service. These, too, he confounds. He takes his duty-turns with the other subalterns of his battalion, and endears himself to his men. They find him human and understanding. A private writing a letter had either to submit it to his platoon officer for censorship or to send

THE REAL PRINCE.

A CHARACTER STUDY BY EDGAR MIDDLETON

(Author of the Talking-Picture of the Life of the Prince of Wales).*

it in a green envelope, which was issued once a month with the idea of giving him the chance of writing anything specially confidential or of a domestic nature. One day the Prince appeared on parade reading a letter, and asked: "Is Private Jones here?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Private Jones. The Prince handed him the letter and asked him to read it. "My darling girl," read Private Jones, "I am fed up with the Guards and the whole British Army. I will marry you as soon as I am out

was getting harmless enjoyment and much-needed healthy exercise out of riding in steeplechases, a Member got up and remarked in the House of Commons that: "This young man has one day to be King. The nation views with apprehension the manner in which he exposes himself to danger, and trusts that his royal father will exercise upon him an appropriate measure of restraint."

The Prince bowed reluctantly to this self-styled public opinion, and never rode in a steeplechase again. He gradually disposed of his stable, until one fatal day the auctioneer at the Leicester horse repositories, at Melton Mowbray, announced the sale of his hunters: "The entire stud (with the exception of one old horse) . . ." That "one old horse" was just an idea, the "oldest, cleverest, and most faithful jumper" which he had ridden for over six years. If Fate had cast him for some less exalted rôle in life, the Prince would have made a first-class soldier. He has all the qualities necessary to the ideal club-secretary. As a sales-manager he would have been a five-figure-a-year man. Pre-eminently in the Heir to the Throne, the Empire has lost a Colonial administrator of the first magnitude. No other individual in history has fired the imagination of the British peoples overseas as has this royal ambassador.

To the Prince himself these visits have been a source of quiet satisfaction, some considerable adventure, and no little amusement. It is apt sometimes to be forgotten that the Prince is only human. During his African tour he visited Shellal, where he was shown the working of the Assuan Dam. He was received at 6 a.m. by the local engineer, a Scot, who afterwards remarked: "Och, ay, the Prince is a braw, bricht laddie, but he's o'er fond o' gettin' up too early in the mornin'."

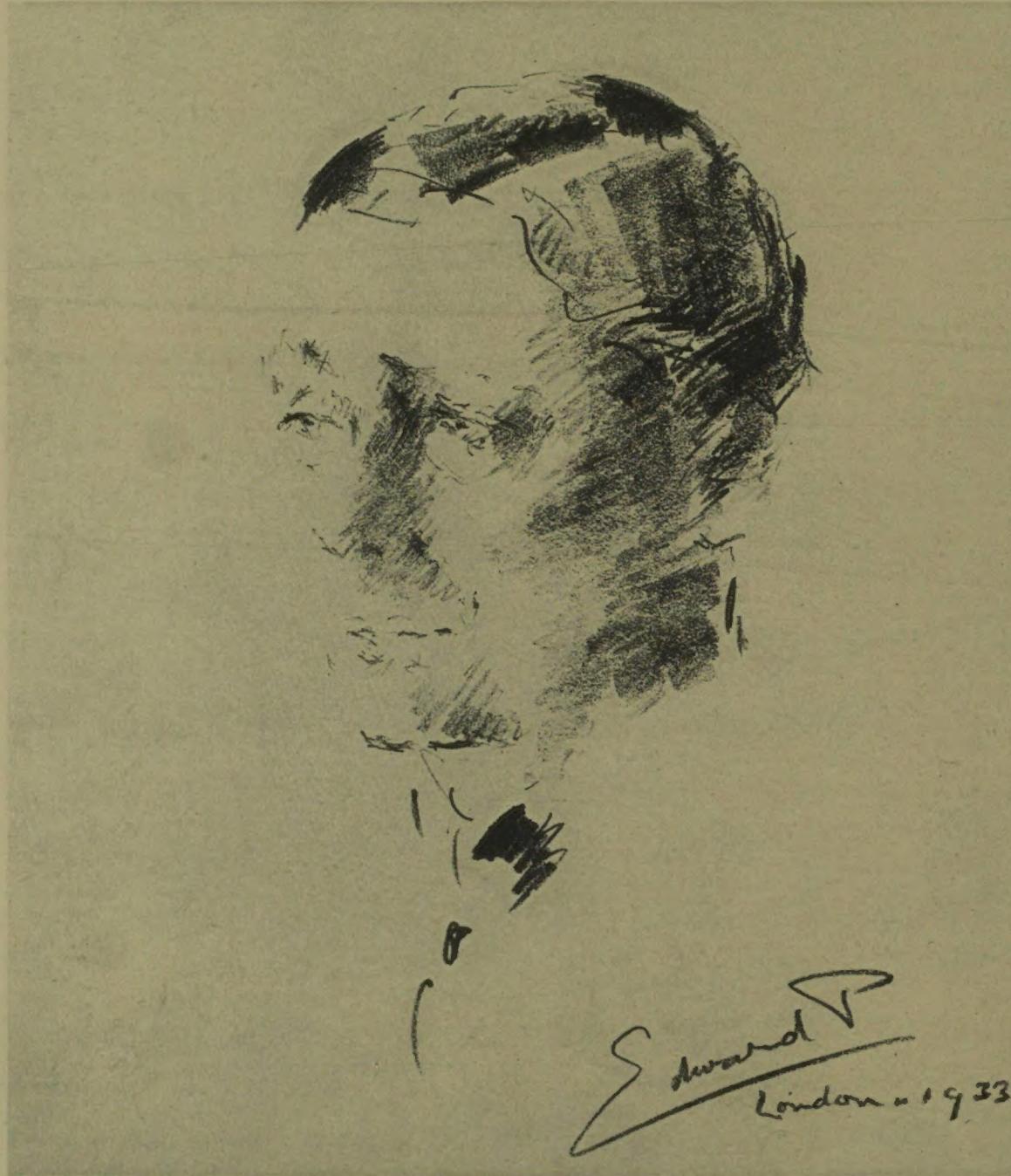
The Prince was so impressed by the sight of the millions of gallons of water tumbling and roaring over the dam that he suddenly jumped on to the parapet and placed his hands over his eyes with an ejaculation of mock horror. As a result, a number of Egyptians to this day still persist in thinking that he was contemplating suicide.

His travels were to provide one of those insights into Royal Family life which are as rare as they are charming. When the King was suddenly taken ill in 1928, the Prince was in East Africa, shooting big game. His dramatic race home and record-breaking journey across Europe, travelling from Brindisi to Boulogne in just over thirty hours, are now matters of history. On his arrival at Victoria, the Duke of York was waiting to tell him the

latest news, and within five minutes the Prince was running up the staircase at the entrance to Buckingham Palace. At the head he found the Queen anxiously awaiting him. "I'm so glad you've come at last, David," she said, and took him at once to the sick-room where the King was lying.

There, as the nurse in attendance discreetly withdrew, through the haze of light of the special lamps which, at the doctors' orders, had been installed to keep out the fog and maintain an even temperature, he made out the familiar bearded face on the pillows. The King appeared to be asleep. The Prince walked softly across the room to the bed. As he did so, the King's eyes slowly opened and, recognising his son, a smile played about his lips. "Hello, David!" he said. "Hello, father!" the Prince replied, and bent over and kissed him on the forehead. "How are you?" Again the King smiled. "I'm much better, thanks, my boy," and added, "Well, and how many lions did you shoot?"

Such is the man. Of the Prince there is little more to add. Because he believes in the dignity of his high office, rather than in its trappings, the absurd idea has got abroad that he does not want to be King. It is entirely without foundation. In all the mass of material which was examined to provide the matter for the film, there is no evidence of the Prince, either privately to his friends or on any public occasion, having made any statement of such a nature. But one thing is certain. No heir to the throne in this or any other country ever achieved a wider knowledge of the life, or a closer acquaintanceship with the problems, of the ordinary man in the street than has Edward, Prince of Wales.



THE PRINCE OF WALES: A PORTRAIT SIGNED BY HIMSELF.

FROM THE DRAWING BY HENRIK LUND, OF OSLO.

or it, but, as the war seems to be lasting for ever, you can marry anyone for the time being."

"I think," remarked the Prince dryly, "this ought to be sent in a green envelope!"

The Prince claims that, unfortunately, he did not have the privilege of actually fighting in the Guards Division, only that of serving in a unit associated with it. Officers who served with him, however, take another view. Major C. H. Dudley-Ward, for one, relates the following story. "I can remember," he says, "when we were in Houlthous Forest in 1917. We had been shelled all day by a French gun. We sent out runners in a vain attempt to stop the gun-firing, and were all feeling rather depressed, when suddenly we saw two figures coming up the hill. One of them was the Prince of Wales.

"The gun was not firing at that moment, but when the Prince was half-way up the hill it opened up again, and shells fell all round him. Suddenly one shell burst apparently on top of him, completely hiding the Prince from view. 'My God! They've got him!' said Colonel Sterling, who was commanding the battalion. But they hadn't, for we saw him legging it through the falling mud to a German pill-box we had taken shortly before. He was safe."

The man who is Prince of Wales has a strong sense of humour. It is irresistible and infectious. He always has a quick and ready answer. At a public dinner, referring to America's contribution to the scientific world, he began: "When we remember what we owe to America—." The rest was drowned in laughter; but in a flash the Prince went on: "We are talking of medicine, not money." The sense of duty is deeply ingrained. At a time when he

* The talking-film record of the life of the Prince of Wales, made with his consent and assistance, was publicly exhibited for the first time on June 22, at the New Victoria Cinema, in aid of the League of Mercy. The Prince himself was present. On June 26 the film began its run at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The Epilogue spoken by the Prince deals with the work of the National Council of Social Service, to which the proceeds of the film are to be devoted by Messrs. Gaumont. A photograph of the Prince from one section of the film appears on page 42 in this number.

THE ITALIAN ARMADA OF THE AIR: THE ROME—CHICAGO FLIGHT.



FOUR OF THE GIANT
ITALIAN FLYING-BOATS
ARRIVING AT AMSTERDAM
AFTER THE FLIGHT FROM
ORBETELLO: THE SCENE
OF AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH
ONE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE
MACHINES LANDED BADLY,
KILLING ONE MAN AND
INJURING THREE.

The formation flight of twenty-four Italian "Savoia S55X" flying-boats from Rome to Chicago—the most ambitious undertaking of its kind hitherto—began, under the command of General Balbo, on July 1, when a successful crossing of the Alps was made. The arrival at Amsterdam was marred by an accident to one of the machines, which, landing at the wrong angle on shallow water, crashed and overturned. One man was killed and three slightly injured. The second stage—to Londonderry—was successfully accomplished on July 2. The plans were for the flight to continue by way of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, the coast of Labrador, and Montreal to Chicago.



THE ITALIAN AIR ARMADA MOORED ON LOUGH FOYLE, THREE MILES FROM LONDONDERRY: A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION TO THE SECOND STAGE OF THE GREAT FORMATION FLIGHT TO CHICAGO.



THE ACCIDENT AT AMSTERDAM THAT REDUCED THE NUMBER OF PLANES TO TWENTY-FOUR: RESCUE WORK ON THE FLYING-BOAT WHICH MET THE WATER AT THE WRONG ANGLE AND OVERTURNED, KILLING ONE MAN.



THE COMMANDER OF THE FLIGHT: GENERAL BALBO, THE ITALIAN AIR MINISTER, WITH THE MAYOR OF LONDONDERRY, AFTER THE FIVE-HOUR FLIGHT FROM AMSTERDAM TO LOUGH FOYLE.



THE WRECKED FLYING-BOAT AT SCHELLINGWOUDE, THE AMSTERDAM NAVAL AERODROME: A DIVER DESCENDING AMONGST THE WRECKAGE TO SEARCH FOR THE SERGEANT WHO WAS DROWNED.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ACTOR— LEON QUARTERMAINE.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL actor: what does it mean? How is such a one different from his artistic brethren? I will tell you. It is because he, on the stage, creates the impression that he is probing his parts far beyond the surface; that in the process of creating he is still searching for a deeper inner meaning beyond the material provided by the playwright; that, in fact, as the run of the play continues, he is still groping, groping to analyse his character to its utmost depth. It is this quality of the mental diver that has raised Leon Quartermaine to the front rank among the intellectual playgoers; it is this very gift that, as it were, has created a distinct dimension between him and the general public. Name him, and the multitude will endorse his name with a certain reserved approval. It is as if they were afraid of him, as if they looked upon him as a creature of intangible eeriness; for, except in Shakespearean creations, such as his exquisitely haughty Malvolio, and his Lysander in the Dream, he is always given parts that I would call aloof—strange creatures, alien to ordinary humanity, mystic persons that disturb the unsophisticated mind, supermen who, despite flesh and blood, have something in their appearance, especially in their eyes, that inspires awe and seems to be not of this world. Hence Leon Quartermaine is an actor of artistic renown, but not distinctly a popular actor. And yet he deserves to be both, for whatever he touches and has done in his endless gallery of creations dwells in memory as fine and finished, as luminous in its intellectual superiority, to say nothing of his unobtrusive technique, which, though scarcely perceptible, is most distinct.

Take his latest creation, that of the would-be escaped convict—in fact, a lunatic at large—in Mr. Lionel Hale's interesting little play, "The Mocking Bird," at the St. Martin's. An actor of ordinary accomplishments would have made that bizarre character melodramatic; he would have laid on thick all the most lurid hues of his palette; he would have seized every chance to be the central figure and raise his voice to sonorous resonance. Not so Mr. Leon Quartermaine. When in the dimness of a spiritualistic séance he makes his sudden appearance on the window-sill, we have the impression of a transcendental figure arisen from nowhere—from *le néant*, as the French word puts it so cogently. At once, by his attitude, by the flicker in his eye, he cast a spell on his fellow-players and the audience alike. Here is an individual power with magic spell in his quiver; at once he becomes the force that dominates the surroundings. In some he inspires sympathy, in some aversion, but there is no mistake, he spreads a mental sway over them all that anon grows to subjugation all round. As he singles out and probes the nature of his victims, one by one, he petrifies them, bores into their inner souls, and discovers in the depth of their inwardness mysteries of long, long ago, or activities which every one of them would hide in oblivion.

The process is a lengthy and a painful one, but at the hands of Mr. Leon Quartermaine it becomes intensely interesting and harrowing. It appeals to our imagination, and impels introspection—we feel that there is some truth in "Skeletons lurk in every human cupboard," and we admire the actor for his power to render these sensations concrete. Such spiritual acting—I would call it—is rare on our stage; it depends on personality, on studied verisimilitude of every movement, on a focus of the eye that knows how to transmit the ethereal governed by a profound inner knowledge of human inwardness. An actor of such dowlry should not be wasted on immaterial parts; he should, as in Mr. Hale's play, be chosen as the central figure of characters that demand the intellectual superiority of a "Manager of Men."

A STIMULATING QUARTETTE OF PLAYS.

At the St. Martin's Theatre I found in

Mr. Lionel Hale's "The Mocking Bird," mentioned above, an entertainment more stimulating than a pure amusement, because this young dramatist has something to say and the facility to say it.

He chooses a farcical medium to pursue his analysis of human motives. Knowing our English reticences and our distrust of the laboratory analyses, such as Proust so brilliantly employs in the novel, he unfolds the skeleton in the family cupboards with many a jibe and mocking jest. This theme of probing into dark recesses, the turning of dangerous corners, is as old as *Oedipus Rex*, only in our day we have invented new refinements in self-torture and a new name to honour them—psychology. The difference is this—that the psychology of the Athenian, or, to jump the centuries, the Elizabethan, drama was unconscious. It was not concerned with exact knowledge of acts and feelings, it was not an intellectual exercise with no emotional colours. It was expressed in poetry, and great poetry can only be wrought out of spiritual depths. Then we discover truth; but, without that exaltation which transforms all it touches, everything seems false. Rob the story of *Oedipus* or *Hamlet* of their poetry, and we have only ugly and forbidding details. Mr. Hale has chosen

to clothe his detail with amusing embroideries, and to polish his story so that every scene has finish. He is serious in purpose and artistically sincere, but if we search for the reason why characters and moods appear inconsistent, why the central figure, George—that charming, demoniac inquisitor whom Mr. Leon Quartermaine makes so impressive—still strikes us as an ingeniously freakish device to spin a plot, the answer is that farcical communication, by its very nature, precludes that imaginative poetic intensity essential to creation. There is no true discovery, no moment when laughter holds its breath and theatre becomes drama.

In such a piece as Rostand's "The Fantasticks," at the Lyric, Hammersmith, there is no purpose other than to delight and amuse. A sufficient and admirable purpose, but to acclaim "Les Romanesques" as something more would be to rob it of its real value. It is to the credit of Sir Nigel Playfair that he has treated the work as a pleasing decoration, affording opportunity for his own graceful and witty embellishments. So it falls into the true Lyric tradition—gay, formal, artificial, and charming. There is no substratum such as informs Mr. Hale's farcical parable, but here is a diversion relying on its own externals, its graces and pretty adornments, to establish a mood, and on the spirit of its players to communicate it.

The romantic music of Mr. Maurice Besly, the ballets, the miming, the *décor*, the sly humours, the entertaining lovers—the whole delicious frivolity, succeed because it is consistent in aim, and the target is simpler to hit. The accomplishment is a delight to the eye and ear, for this is fantasy remote from reality, where caricature displaces character and that blessed word psychology does not appear in the dictionary.

There is something of this same quality in Mr. C. K. Munro's "Veronica," at the Embassy, for we are still in the sphere of artifice, where pattern is ingeniously devised to put Miss Madeleine Carroll in the centre. It is a player's part and a player's play, and admirably is it fulfilled. There are no problems, no under-tones to the wayward, wilful caprice—nothing but a bubble entertainment, refreshing in its spontaneity, a diversion that looks for its success and finds it in the informality that performance embroiders on the formal scheme.

The Compagnie des Quinze, at Wyndham's, in "Le Viol de Lucrece," take a classic theme and attack it in a classic manner. All the agony, the desire, the ruthlessness, the helplessness—all that tragic impact of feeling which is the poem and the play's texture—is caught up in a single impassioned action, untrammelled by external decorations, swelling on a tide of speech. Communication grows by the intensity of the playing, reinforced by the terror of the story, till imagination in that great passage where we listen to the approach of Tarquin reaches beyond any analysable experience to that moving beauty which is the discovery of Truth. They were not so happy in "Loire"; nor does any one of their efforts equal the dignified simplicity and unity of "Le Viol de Lucrece," for here we do find both communication and discovery, and the experience is memorable.



A TENSE MOMENT IN "EIGHT BELLS," AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE: THE CAPTAIN OF THE BECALMED BRITISH WINDJAMMER FACED BY MUTINOUS GERMANS OF THE CREW; WHILE THE FIRST MATE AND THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE LOOK ON.

The windjammer, as the author of this play reminds his audience, was not the same as a steamship. It could not be run to a time-table. In particular, it was liable to be becalmed. And when the calm occurs in August 1914, the situation is liable to become breathless. In "Eight Bells," German members of the crew want to be put ashore in a neutral port: the Captain refuses. They mutiny and take command of the ship. Finally, the Captain is shot, and his unhappy wife enabled to go off with her lover—the first mate. An interesting point about this play is that the story was conceived on board the "Herzogin Cecilie"—the famous windjammer which has frequently been illustrated in our pages. The part of the Captain is taken by Reginald Tate; that of the First Mate by Harry Wilcoxon; and of the Captain's wife by Kathleen O'Regan.



FROM THE FILM RECORD OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LIFE, PRODUCED AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION, JUNE 26: A FRANK STUDY OF H.R.H. DURING A LEISURE MOMENT ON BOARD H.M.S. "REPULSE," ENJOYING THE "SKETCH," OUR WELL-KNOWN SISTER-PAPER.

The film record of the Prince of Wales's life has been made with his own consent, and he placed at the disposal of the editors many thousands of feet of film belonging to his private collection.

His Investiture at Carnarvon is shown; then incidents of his war experience; and his departure in 1919 as the "Ambassador of Empire." He is seen in all quarters of the globe; in Australia, New Zealand, Japan, South Africa, South America. He is seen attending to an ever-increasing round of ceremonial duties; and finally he is seen at play—steeplechasing, playing polo, and golf. The extraordinary variety of his interests is found to be amazing, and the film can be said to show, at the very least estimation, one of the most widely travelled men the globe has ever known.

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THE 1933 SILHOUETTE: A MUSLIN REVIVAL, WITH "BODY LINE."

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT.



THE LATEST FEMININE FASHION AT ONCE A REVIVAL AND AN INNOVATION: THE FRILLS AND FURBELOWS OF THE LAST CENTURY ALLIED WITH A CLEARLY DEFINED OUTLINE.

This interesting study of the latest phase of feminine fashion comes from Paris, the home of *la mode*. Commenting upon it, a French writer says: "While feminine fashion is a process of continual innovation, it is also, at times, a renewal; it brings back into vogue materials which have long been neglected; it borrows from the past the elements of its style, modifying and adapting them. Thus the summer of 1933 sees the return to favour of printed

muslins, embroidered muslins, and organdi. At the same time, the silhouette of woman has changed; nowadays it is marked by numerous flounces and furbelows. There is nothing new in them, for they were the latest fashion in the last century, but to-day there is freedom of outline, and the line of the body is clearly defined, which forms a piquant contrast to the filmy frilling of the shoulders and the long skirt."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



VARIATIONS ON A THEME OF DARWIN'S: DOMESTICATED PIGEONS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

"EVERYTHING comes to him who waits." For long years I have been waiting for the time when I should be released from the cares of office at the British Museum of Natural History, to enable me to live where my heart was—in the country. Nevertheless, these years were full of joy, for I had a wealth of material to inspire me such as falls to the lot of only a few. The whole animal kingdom was represented here, as well as all the treasures of the plant world. So that during all these years I have enjoyed a perpetual feast! But there was always much more than a day's work to be done during any one day, and endless interruptions. Hence many lines of thought which I would fain have followed up had to be abandoned till leisure came to me. And now that leisure has come, and the prospect before me is indeed a thrilling one. A whole two acres is mine, hedged round with trees, many of them of great age. Conifers of many kinds offer me material I have long wanted: there are fine chestnuts and horse-chestnuts, great walnuts, beech and copper-beech, oak, acacia, and many more. Every single one of these reminds me of some essay I want to write or some investigation I want to make.

It is not a week since I entered into my paradise, so I can say little of its bird-life. But a pair of green woodpeckers have a nest only a few yards from my study door. Magpies are daily visitors; and pheasants crow every now and then to tell me they are near at hand! On my first discovery of this wonderful retreat, only a few miles from London, I found a pigeon-coe at the top of a pole on one of the lawns; so I promptly started to find out whence I could obtain fan-tailed pigeons, which always seem to me the only appropriate occupants of such a residence, recalling that of St. Simon Stylites, but far more commodious and comfortable.

The pigeons have been duly installed, and it is a great joy to watch their curious strutting movements. But they mean much more to me than mere amusement. For they bring to mind Darwin's wonderful work on "Animals and Plants under Domestication." Those who would get a real grip of his "Origin of Species" should first read this book. For we all of us know something of domesticated animals, and hence we can readily follow his arguments. In the famous and much anathematised "Origin," he is, of necessity, compelled to speak of animals unheard of and unknown, save to the professional zoologist. This being so, it is impossible to visualise a large number of the creatures of which he speaks; hence it is extremely difficult at times to follow him or to grasp the drift of his arguments.

practised by the breeder. There is one aspect of this "selection" that is generally lost sight of—indeed, it seems to be rarely recognised. The breeder never starts with a foreknowledge of where his "selection" will lead him. The advent of the "show-bench" did much to hasten the results of his efforts. But he could, and can now, see no more than one step ahead of him. He created a standard, and offered prizes to those who attained nearest to that standard.

Let us take the case of pigeons. Already there were to his hand numerous types or breeds of

bird seems to have originated in Hindustan, but those who bred for the show-bench concentrated only on the white race, so that the black and blue varieties have long since ceased to exist. But man, seizing upon chance variations, has greatly increased the number of the tail feathers, which greatly exceeds that of any wild bird whatsoever. He has also laid down arbitrary rules as to the carriage of the head and tail, as well as to the coloration of the bird. As year by year, at each annual show, only such birds as attained to the standard of the day won prizes, the failures were rejected as breeding birds.

But the standards of the judges also slowly changed, and on them and their preferences rested the trend of future generations, resulting always in an intensification of the points demanded. One curious result of insisting on a large number of tail-feathers—not less than twenty-eight—is that the central pair of tail-feathers is generally double; that is to say, each has *two* shafts. And what is true of the fan-tail is true also of that strange breed, the "swallow," with its extraordinary growth of great feathers on the legs, a peculiarity shared also by some other breeds like the *letz* and the *trumpeter*, and to a lesser extent the *pouter*. The *letz* and the *trumpeter* shared with the "nun" the peculiarity of an upturned hood of feathers, rising from the hinder part of the crown and turned forwards. Some fan-tails also showed a tendency to develop such a hood.

What we want to know is, when and how and why these strange and often extremely wide departures from the wild stock came into being. As Darwin long ago pointed out, they are the result not really of deliberate, conscious selection on the part of the breeder, but, on the contrary, of a quite unconscious selection. They bred from birds showing some departure from the normal, and these several peculiarities increased generation after generation when once that departure won the favour of the show-bench. No single breeder could ever foresee what extreme developments would arise from his small beginnings.

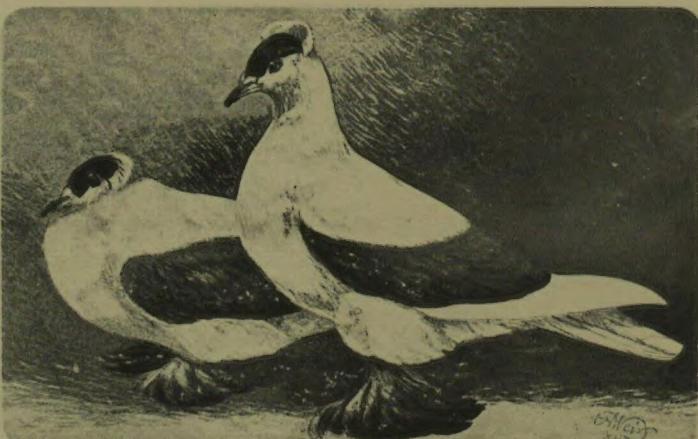
When, for example, the judges of the breed known as the *barb* insisted that the beak must be short, they did not foresee that in later years birds would be bred with a beak so short as to make feeding impossible! Yet Darwin cites cases where this was the result! This breed, I believe, like the "finnikin," the "smiler," and the "turner," has now ceased to exist, leaving no record behind them save pictures in old books. Darwin's collection of skeletons of domesticated pigeons rests in the British Museum of Natural History; but these tell us no more the finery they wore than would the skeleton of an Ancient Briton.



I. THE ROCK-DOVE: THE ANCESTOR OF ALL THE BREEDS OF DOMESTICATED PIGEONS (OF WHICH TWO REMARKABLE EXAMPLES ARE SHOWN HERE); FROM WHICH, HOWEVER, THEY ALL DERIVE THEIR PREFERENCE FOR LIVING IN ARTIFICIAL CAVES—OR COTES—AND THEIR AVERSIÓN FROM PERCHING ON TREES.

pigeons, for the domestication of this bird goes back for a thousand years. But he started with this or that breed as he found it. Let me take the case of the fan-tail, which is a breed alluded to by Aldrovandus, and described by Willoughby, who tells us that "they do almost constantly shake or wag their heads and necks up and down: broad-tailed, from the great numbers of feathers they have in their tails, they say not fewer than twenty-six. When they walk up and down, they do for the most part hold their tails erect, like a *hen* or a *turkey-cock*. They also vary much in colour." Moore, another breeder of long ago, says that they are called shakers because the long thin neck bends like that of a swan, leaning towards the back: it has a frequent tremulous motion, or shaking in the neck, especially when salacious. It has a full breast, a very short back, and a tail consisting of a great number of feathers, seldom less than four-and-twenty, which it spreads in a very elegant manner, like the tail of a turkey-cock, and throws up so much that the head and the tail frequently meet. . . . They are called by some 'fan-tails,' and I once saw one that had six-and-thirty feathers in its tail; but when they have so many feathers, it is apt to make them lop their tails, and not let them meet their head, which is a very great fault. They are most commonly white, though I have seen both black, blue, red, and yellow-pieds, but the white ones have generally the best carriage in their tail and head. . . .

Here we have the standard of the fan-tail of some seventy years ago. To-day the race survives, I believe, only because there are people, like myself, who have a fondness for these old-time relics: for the "pigeon-fancier" has almost ceased to exist. This



2. THE FAN-TAILED PIGEON—A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION OF HOW SELECTIVE BREEDING CAN TRANSFORM AN ANIMAL: A BREED WHICH STANDS ALONE IN THE STRANGELY ARTIFICIAL POSE OF THE BODY, THE CARRIAGE OF THE TAIL, AND THE GREAT NUMBERS OF FEATHERS COMPRISING IT, AND IS THOUGHT TO HAVE ORIGINATED IN INDIA, WHERE PIGEON-BREEDING HAD AN ENTHUSIASTIC FOLLOWING IN OLDEEN DAYS.



3. ANOTHER REMARKABLE PRODUCTION OF "SELECTION" BY THE PIGEON-BREEDER, WHICH IS PROBABLY NOW EXTINCT: THE "SWALLOW"—SHOWING A HEAVY COVERING OF FEATHERS GROWING ON THE LEGS.

But when his theme is pigeons or pigs, cats or cabbages, there can be no difficulty in keeping pace with him in his endeavours to show that the problem of the origin of species is not so very different from that of the origin of the different races of domesticated animals. The two, of course, are not quite on the same plane. "Natural selection" differs in many material respects from the "selection"

And we have to remember that all these strange types are derived from a single ancestor—the wild rock-dove. Compare this (Fig. 1) with the fan-tail (Fig. 2) or the swallow (Fig. 3). The changes are indeed striking. But, though these birds can change not merely the fashion of their feathers but even the carriage of the body, they still retain their ancient habit of never alighting in trees. They began as cave-dwellers, and cave-dwellers, in spirit, they have remained. They never, I believe, seek the shelter of trees, as do all other pigeons except ground-pigeons.

THE ENGLISH DAUMIER LOOKS ON LIFE:

LONDON TYPES BY BLAMPIED. SERIES 4: THE LIFE OF PARK & STREETS.

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED, R.E.



"THE SEAT FEE COLLECTOR COMES IN SIGHT."



"LA JOIE DE VIVRE AND 'THE OTHER.'"

We here continue our series of drawings of English types made by Edmund Blampied. It is interesting to compare his reactions to the spectacle of London's streets and parks with those of a famous Londoner recorded more than a hundred years ago. "The man must have a rare *recipe* for melancholy," wrote Charles Lamb (in 1802) "who can be dull in Fleet Street. I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but



"A FORGOTTEN WOMAN SLEEPS IN THE PARK."



"EXPRESS DELIVERY."

In London it vanishes like all other ills. Often, when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime. The very deformities of London, which give distaste to others, from habit do not displease me. . . . I love the very smoke of London, because it has been the medium most familiar to my vision. . . . Where has spleen her food but in London? Humour, Interest, Curiosity, suck at her measureless breasts without a possibility of being satiated. Nursed amid her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke, what have I been doing all my life if I have not lent out my heart with usury to such scenes."

"THE WORSHIP OF THE NORM."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"HAMMER AND SICKLE" and "OUT OF THE DEEP."*

(PUBLISHED BY ELKIN MATHEWS AND BY BLES.)

RUSSIA is so much in the news again that "Hammer and Sickle" and "Out of the Deep" should find many a reader willing to forget that the river of books on the U.S.S.R. is in constant spate. The former might have been called "The Intelligent Englishman's Guide to Bolshevism"; the latter, "The Cry of the Kulak."

In a brief article it is impossible to do more than indicate the scope of Mr. Patrick's "de-bunking" work, which has the blessing of Sir Austen Chamberlain, a benediction without bias, we are assured. Sir Austen has it: "It may be thought that I am prejudiced, since Mr. Patrick mentions that my effigy has been chosen as that of the typical English (and capitalist) villain, but this would be an error. Seldom has my vanity been so delicately flattered as on learning from a visitor that, whilst in the Moscow shooting galleries he could have a shot at my friend Mr. Churchill for a copeck, it cost him three to have a shot at me. What more can an aspirant to fame desire?"

That, however, is by the way.

For the rest, let it be said that "Hammer and Sickle" ranges from the wielding of the whips of Imperialism to the October Revolution and its scourges of scorpions; from The Party and the OGPU to the position of industry, finance, and agriculture; from the Five-Year Plan to private lives, the relations between England and Russia, the growth of militarism, depersonalisation and the cultivation of Mass, the "catching" of the young; the subtleties of propaganda; religion, sex; all the tricks of the Autocrat posturing as the Democrat; and such Decrees as two of those which practically coincided with the conclusion of the Plan—"The first was designed to put an end to the 'fluidity' of Labour. It gives power to factory managements to deprive workmen of their rations-cards if they absent themselves from work without leave. The loss of a ration-card, of course, threatens starvation. The other Decree has as its object the clearing out of the over-crowded towns. It sets up a system of 'internal' passports. The individual who is not granted one has to leave,

Mr. Patrick is enlightening. He tells of pressure by solitary confinement, by denial of sleep, by fear for the fate of relatives and friends, by threat of death, by the assertion that others have confessed and that no secrets are hid. And: "It is commonly believed in Moscow that prisoners are often led to sign 'confessions' which they have not even been allowed to see, or actually to put their signatures on blank sheets of paper, to be filled in later by the G.P.U., as occasion may demand."

Small wonder that Mr. Baldwin, discussing the British embargo on Soviet trade before the fruitful meetings of Sir John Simon and M. Litvinoff, said, with marked emphasis: "... Remember the treatment our engineers received in Moscow. That may be justice according to their standards—it was not justice according to our standards." Thanks to much diplomacy, strong action,

cattle and despatched to concentration camps in the North, there to work in the timber forests. The 'Slave Labour' which was at one time discussed at such length in our own and the United States' Press consists largely of these unfortunates. . . . The Soviet authorities, of course, point out that under their Labour code work without pay is forbidden and thus that conditions of 'slavery' cannot exist; but, given the almost invariable discrepancy in Soviet Russia between law and fact and between theory and practice, this defence has little value. I have reason to know that in some cases no wages were paid at all. The whole facts, either as to the total number of deportees and prisoners in the North; or as to the death-rate among them from such diseases as typhus; or from the rigours of the climate, which must be particularly dangerous to those accustomed to the comparative mildness of South Russia;

or, finally, as to the number of executions carried out there by the G.P.U., will never be known to the outside world." In conjunction with which should be read his note that the only success of the Communists in their handling of agriculture is the export timber trade; and Mr. Walpole's references to a 1931 Report by the Commissar of Labour: "The Report . . . states that the average mortality 'in the camps' had fluctuated between sixty and seventy per cent. in the last two years. In other words, out of four or five millions sent to camps, some three millions had perished!"

Thus to "Out of the Deep," the letters of the parcel-men—Kulaks, and their wives and children, who are descendants of German Protestant colonists who settled in Russia in the reign of Catherine the Great, principally on the Volga; Kulaks deported to the timber camps as a sequel to the Collectivist agricultural policy of the Russian Government.

They are painfully human documents—the cliché fits them perfectly. They reflect the plight of a depressed Class which even the lowest of Untouchables might not envy; of a Class whose pride is hurt by the begging to which their needs have compelled them, whose feelings are expressed, as a rule, in the tongue of the hopeless and, on very rare occasion, vigorously. There is a poignant appeal in the last of the Letters, which its author prays may be read to an Assembly of the League of Nations: "... And where is this class (the middle class)? In the midst of the forests of Northern Russia, collecting wood for your coffins. Shame on you, Europe, consider what you are doing! America, far away, has already taken steps; she has protested and refused to take the timber stained with blood, tears and sweat, and you, who ought to know better, strive in rivalry to strengthen commercial ties with us on every hand, and thus to fulfill the Five-Year Plan. . . ."

"Blood, tears and sweat"—and crowded log-barracks, turf-roofed, earth-floored, with little or no sanitation or accommodation for washing; verminous. "Blood, tears and sweat" that the "norm"—the allotted task that is often beyond the underfed and the unskilled—may be accomplished and a little bread be wrested from the scarcity, a little clothing earned. "Blood, tears and sweat"—the agonies of those of whom a letter-writer in the Urals says: "Everybody is forced to go to work, even women and children of fourteen years of age, and it makes life intolerable. Men are becoming machines; in the evening we all collapse. And then this terrible food, as if there were a famine."

Thus the tale is told—from January 1931 till October 1932—a protest, a plea, and a prayer. "Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed



RAISING MONEY FOR THE PURCHASE OF MILITARY AEROPLANES BY SELLING LOTTERY TICKETS IN THE SVERDLOFF SQUARE, MOSCOW: THE SOVIET AUTHORITY EMPLOYING A METHOD OF OLD STANDING IN CAPITALIST COUNTRIES FOR THE COLLECTION OF FUNDS—THE FIRST PRIZE IN THIS CASE BEING A FLIGHT ROUND THE WORLD.

petitions by Messrs. Thornton and Macdonald, and considerable ingenious face-saving, matters, have now been rectified; but there is no call to modify the opinion as to the Court proceedings.



THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER III., IN LENINGRAD, RETAINED BY THE BOLSHEVIKS AS A WARNING TO CAPITALISM, AND NOW LABELLED "SCARECROW"!—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE ALTERED INSCRIPTION ON THE BASE.

The altered inscription is headed "Scarecrow" and runs: "My son and my father were executed and I reap the harvest of immortal shame; I stand here as a cast-iron scarecrow for the country which has for ever thrown off the yoke of despotism.—Alexander III."

regardless of the fact that he or she has nowhere to go, and no hope of gaining a living in the ruined countryside. Here, again, it is a matter of starvation."

I can take but two points—one because it concerns the revived interest in the British engineers who were imprisoned in Moscow after the Metropolitan-Vickers trial and have only just been released; the other because it concerns—and confirms—"Out of the Deep."

As to the trial, Mr. Patrick likens this to the Lena affair. "From time to time," he records, "the Kremlin decides that it is expedient to combine its two main ideas of government in one demonstration, so to speak. The result is a State Trial, by means of which the authorities dispense patriotic propaganda to the Russian public, and Terror to the victims, and to those who may find themselves in similar circumstances." Then are those happenings that were apparent recently—"Justice" conducted on the Marxian basis of Class, "a principle triumphantly reasserted lately by Vishinsky, the State prosecutor"; fantastic charges; accused "wreckers" without political connections who, like the Lena Goldfields Company's English geological expert, are seen by the subservient Soviet Press each as "a combination of Sherlock Holmes and Colonel Lawrence, hand-in-glove with the late Lord Brentford and Winston Churchill"; mysterious "confessions" obtained the OGPU alone knows how.

* "Hammer and Sickle." By Mark Patrick, M.P. for Tavistock. (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 7s. 6d. net.)

"Out of the Deep: Letters from Soviet Timber Camps." Preface by Sir Bernard Pares, K.B.E.; Introduction by Hugh Walpole. (Geoffrey Bles; 2s. 6d. net.)



FUTURISTIC MODELS DEMONSTRATING THE PROGRESS OF THE SOVIET'S "FIVE-YEAR PLAN"—THAT IN THE FOREGROUND GIVING THE DEVELOPMENT OF RURAL ECONOMY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OUTSIDE THE PETERHOF PALACE NEAR LENINGRAD, SHOWING FOREIGN TOURISTS BEING CONDUCTED ROUND.

So much for a fraction of a tithe of Mr. Patrick's comments and criticisms: it is to be hoped that the *Izvestya* will circulate them; for they might well be valuable in eking out the *Samo-Kritika* to which it is so devoted: "self-criticism—self-administered for tonic purposes."

To flavour the dose, it might add *quant. suff.* of Mr. Patrick on the Soviet Timber Camps from whose sombre, chilly depths come the letters vouchered for by Sir Bernard Pares and introduced by Mr. Hugh Walpole.

Dealing with the Communists' socialisation of agriculture and the "liquidisation" of the Kulaks (peasants regarded as persons who "did, or might, 'exploit' their poorer fellows by giving them employment," but in reality what we should call small-holders), he recalls: "An unknown number of Kulaks were herded into trucks like

to destruction." Hunger looks out of their eyes.

If confirmation be needed, ignore the bland M. Litvinoff, putting his case in the Geological Museum, affirming: "Thanks to the specific nature of the economic system in my country, the world crisis has been unable to affect the steady development of its economic life"; ignore his "While in the rest of the world industrial output in 1932 fell 33 per cent., as compared with 1928, it rose 219 per cent. in the Soviet Union for the same period. While in most countries the number of those employed has gone down catastrophically, in the U.S.S.R. the number of employed persons went up during the last four years from 11,600,000 to 22,800,000." Ignore such flamboyances—they reek of the rostrum. Read both "Hammer and Sickle" and "Out of the Deep."

E. H. G.



A WAR-SHIP IN WHICH A MOMENTOUS MEETING TOOK PLACE BETWEEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS CABINET—WHICH IT WAS UNDERSTOOD WOULD BE FOLLOWED BY AN IMPORTANT DÉMARCHE AFFECTING THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION : THE FINELY STREAMLINED BOW OF THE 10,000-TON U.S. CRUISER "INDIANAPOLIS."

The U.S. cruiser "Indianapolis" has acquired a certain international renown of late. At one time it was rumoured that she would be used to transport President Roosevelt to Europe, should his presence at the World Economic Conference become advisable; and on July 3 she was the scene of a fateful Cabinet meeting. The cruiser was anchored off Annapolis, and it was stated that the President and his Ministers would lunch on board, and that this occasion would be the prelude to his "taking a very important step relating to the international situation." The cruiser "Indianapolis," which is illustrated in an exceedingly striking series of photographs on this and on the succeeding pages, is one of the last of the U.S. Treaty cruisers to be commissioned. She and her predecessors

in this class are of particular interest in view of the declaration of Mr. Swanson, the Secretary of the Navy, which plainly indicated the intention to create a Navy second to none. The "Indianapolis" is in herself a most remarkable ship. Not a pound of weight has been wasted; not a cubic foot of space in her construction. It was especially important that the form of her hull should be the most effectively streamlined that could be evolved. Extensive tests—on small models towed at proportional speeds in the Navy tank at Washington—were carried out to determine the shape offering the least resistance to the water. The result is seen here in the long slender lines of the bow of the "Indianapolis."



AMAZING
OF A
WARSHIP'S
WONDERS OF
"INDIANAPOLIS."

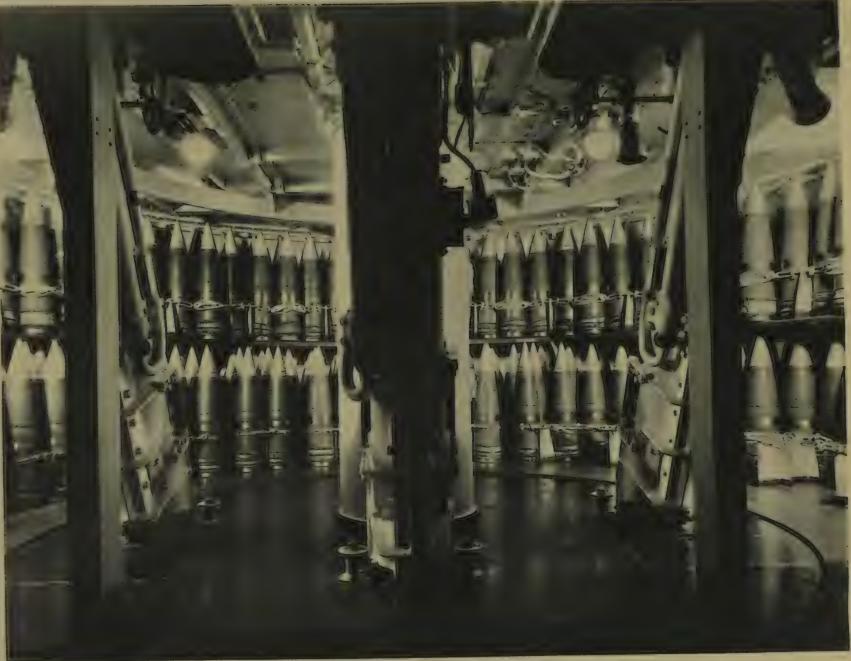
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BY COURTESY
OF "FORTUNE."

LOOKING DOWN
ON THE FIRE
CONTROLS AND
THE ANTI-
AIRCRAFT
ARMAMENT
ASSEMBLY
OF THE
"INDIANAPOLIS".
A PHOTOGRAPH
SHOWING THE
HEAVILY
CONSTRUCTED
UPPERWORKS;
THE EIGHT
GUN-TURRET
COURSES AND THE
DECK PLANKING,
WHICH HAS BEEN
REDUCED TO
SUCH EXIGENCY
THAT IT WOULD
BE UNSAFE TO
CLEAN IT BY
HOLYSTONING!

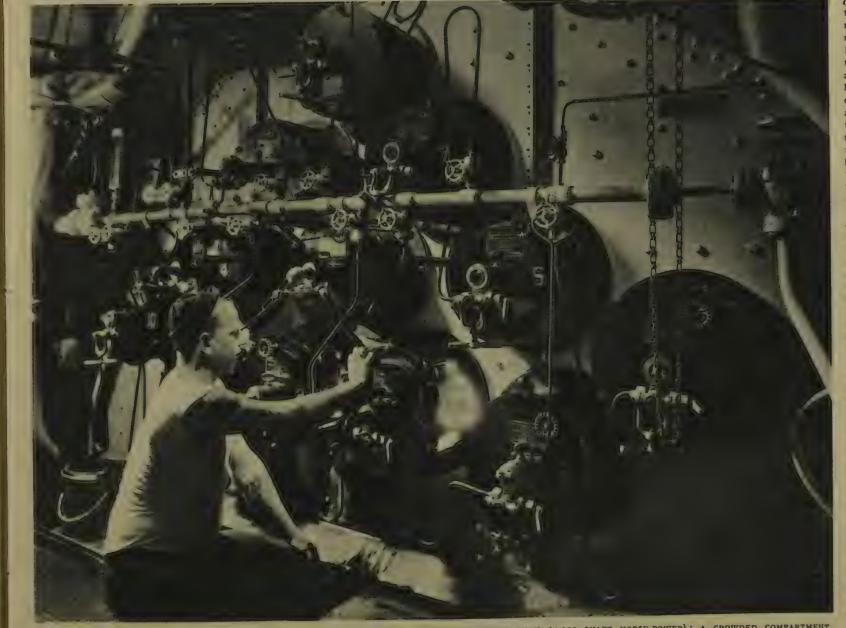
INTRICACY
MODERN
INTERIOR:
THE U.S.S.
APOLIS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BY COURTESY
OF "FORTUNE."

THE INTERIOR
OF THE
BUREAU OF
PART OF A
GUN-TURRET
IN THE
"INDIANAPOLIS"
(A CHARGE
WHICH ROTATES
WITH THE
TURRET
ABOVE IT);
A PHOTOGRAPH
SHOWING THE
THREE LEANING
PILLARS WHICH
ARE THE
SHED-DOORS,
WHICH
LIFT THE
PROJECTILES
AND RAM
THEM INTO THE
GUNS' BREECHES.



A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES A GRAPHIC IDEA OF THE ECONOMY OF SPACE PRACTISED IN THE "INDIANAPOLIS": WREATHING CABLES (PACKED CLOSE TOGETHER IN SCORES) THROUGH WHICH THE WHOLE LIFE OF THE SHIP, HER SPEED, MOVEMENT, AND HER POWERS OF DESTRUCTION, ARE ORGANISED AND CONTROLLED.

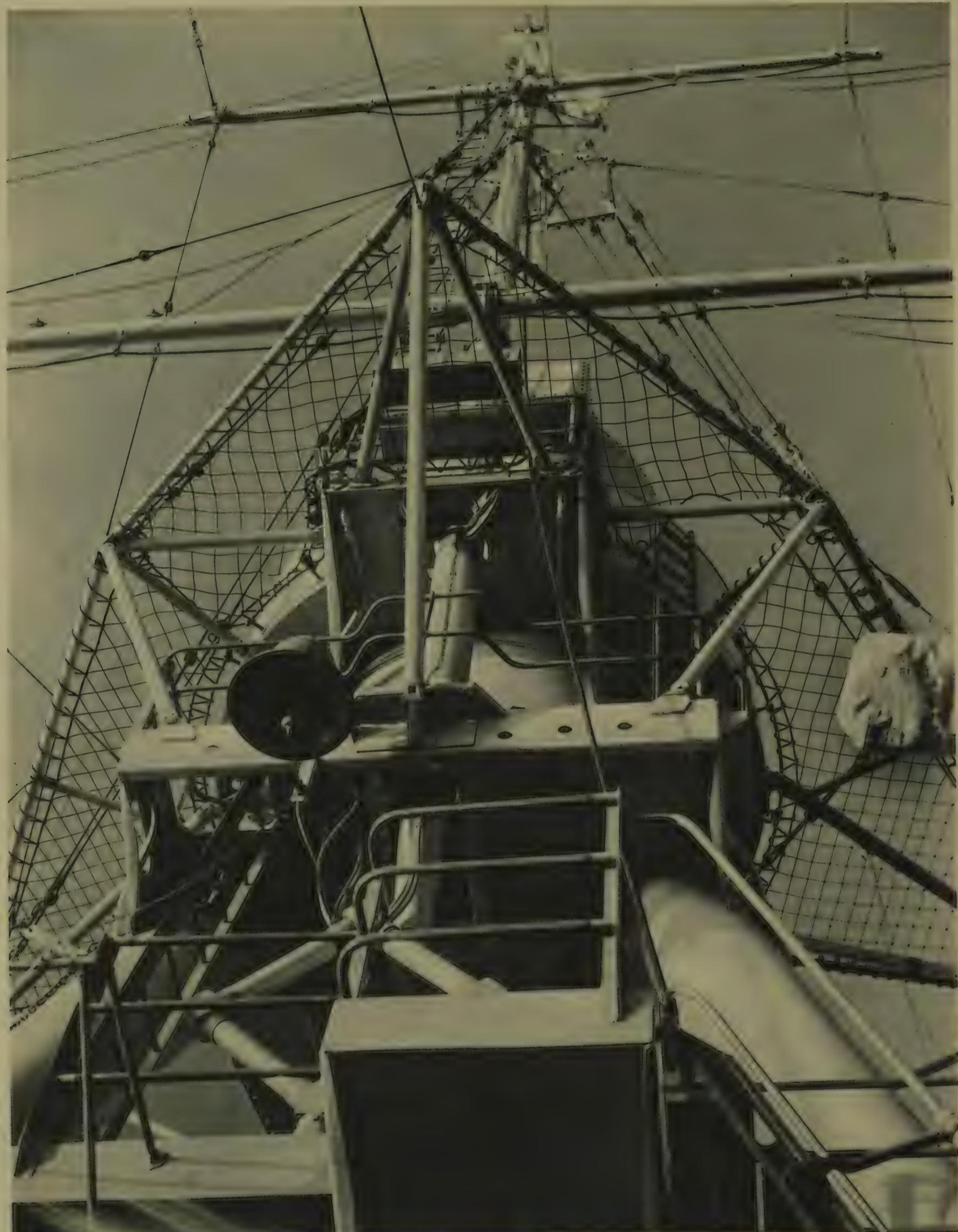


AT THE FRONT OF ONE OF THE "INDIANAPOLIS'" BOILERS (EACH OF WHICH CONTRIBUTES MORE THAN 14,000 SHaFT HORSE-POWER), A CROWDED COMPARTMENT
IN WHICH HIGH PRESSURE HAS TO BE MAINTAINED BY DOUBLE-DOORED AIR-LOCKS IN ORDER TO PRODUCE THE NECESSARY FORCED DRAUGHT.

Continued.

than 60,000 tons. Their machinery can develop a maximum horse-power of 100,000—sufficient to drive them at 25½ knots. To achieve this their huge hulls carry nearly fifty experts. The 10,000-ton cruiser like the "Indianapolis" has to fit into her hull machinery to enable her to outpace liners faster even than the "Leviathan." Inside the "Indianapolis" are packed the means of generating 107,000 horse-power, enabling her to drive forward at 32½ knots. More than 14,000 shaft horse-power per boiler—against the 2000 per boiler in the "Leviathan." Oil-firing and high forced draft are mainly responsible for this war efficiency as permitted by Treaty provisions" and to replace all over-age ships. The fleet is to be organised for operation in either or both oceans, and the designs for new ships will aim at giving the best performance in their class. In view of this, our photographs of the "Indianapolis" are of great interest. This remarkable cruiser is a typical "box of tricks" displacing 10,000 tons. A simple comparison will give an idea of the sort of problem which her designers have solved. Ten thousand tons is not much as ocean-going vessels go. Two of the largest ships in the world—the "Leviathan" and the "Majestic"—displace more

(Continued opposite)



ON BOARD ONE OF THE LATEST TREATY CRUISERS OF A NAVY WHICH IS TO BE "SECOND TO NONE":
AN ODD VIEW OF THE FOREMAST OF THE U.S.S. "INDIANAPOLIS."

The United States Navy has experienced some unpleasant vicissitudes in respect of its 10,000-ton Treaty cruisers, one of which—the "Indianapolis"—we illustrate here and on three other pages. America's first experiments in designing this type of ship were successful, in that the vessels were not only well within the Treaty displacement limit, but that their stability, when they took the water, was even greater than had originally been planned. They had not been at sea long, however, when reports came in that they were terrible rollers. Paradoxically, their great stability caused them to snap back from a roll so violently and so jerkily that accurate gunfire from their decks was impossible! Some of the ships were then fitted with stabilising tanks; armour was added to their super-

structure; and the bilge keels were doubled. Thus the period of rolling was lengthened and the jerkiness, so fatal to accurate gunlaying, was "ironed out." While these problems were being satisfactorily solved, the next class of ten-thousand tonners took the water; and then their designers received another unpleasant shock. "One after another" (to cite the American paper "Fortune") "the stern frames carrying the rudders on five of these sister-ships cracked at sea." Weight-saving in these important steel castings had been carried too far"—and, it may be added, these ships are, or were, notorious for their excessive vibration. The "Indianapolis" embodies the improvements which American designers have introduced as the result of their hard experience.

POSTAGE STAMPS OF COUNTRIES AT THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE.

STAMPS COURTEOUSLY LENT BY MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, STRAND.



1. Denmark, 1925; agriculture. 2. Greece, 1927; Isthmus of Corinth. 3. Turkey, 1931; Mustapha Kemal Pasha. 4. Albania, 1930; King Zogu. 5. Abyssinia, 1931; King Haile Selassie. 6. Peru, 1931; sugar plantation. 7. Japan, 1925; Empress Jingō. 8. Persia, 1933; Riza Shah Pahlevi. (Note new currency—dinars and rials.) 9. Danzig, 1921; Hanse sailing-vessel. 10. Italy, 1932; agricultural scene. 11. Luxembourg, 1926; Grand Duchess Charlotte. 12. Rumania, 1932; King Carol and Prince Michael. 13. Sweden, 1928; King Gustav V. 14. Austria, 1932; Ignaz Seipel. 15. League of Nations, 1923; special stamp for use of the League. 16. Egypt, 1927; cotton blossom. 17. Latvia, 1928; President Tschakste. 18. Siam, 1928; King Prajadhipok. 19. Argentina, 1932; refrigerating plant connected with the meat export. 20. India, 1926; Emperor of India. 21. Estonia, 1922; weaving. 22. Holland, 1933; latest peace propaganda stamp. 23. Russia, 1929; blast furnace and graph showing output of pig-iron. 24. Cuba, 1928; tobacco plantation. 25. Jugo-Slavia, 1931; King Alexander. 26. Australia, 1932; Sydney Harbour Bridge. 27. Canada, 1930; harvesting scene. 28. Belgium, 1930; dynamo and its inventor, Z. Gramme. 29. Norway, 1930; North Cape—issued as propaganda to encourage the tourist industry. 30. China, 1926; rice-field. 31. Salvador, 1924; balsam tree. 32. Iraq, 1927; King Feisal. 33. Great Britain, 1924; British Lion, Wembley Exhibition stamp. 34. New Zealand, 1926; King George V. 35. Nicaragua, 1924; F. H. de Cordoba. 36. Spain, 1931; King Alfonso XIII.—overprinted "República Espanola." 37. Chile, 1930; allegory of nitrate industry. 38. Dominican Republic, 1928; map showing boundary with Haiti—according to Dominican. 39. Irish Free State, 1931; farm-hand with scythe. 40. South Africa, 1930; orange tree. 41. Haiti, 1928; cotton plant. 42. Colombia, 1932; petroleum wells. 43. Bolivia, 1930; agricultural scene, with aeroplane. 44. Switzerland, 1932; Disarmament Conference stamp. 45. Czechoslovakia, 1928; President Masaryk. 46. United States, 1898; farming in the West. 47. Guatemala, 1932; monolith, with inscription "Guatemala produces the best coffee in the world." 48. Brazil, 1928; coffee plant. 49. Poland, 1922; Silesian miner. 50. Ecuador, 1930; cocoa bean. 51. Mexico, 1917; J. Carranza. 52. Finland, 1930; wood-cutter felling tree. 53. Portugal, 1926; Ceres. 54. Germany, 1921; miners. 55. France, 1917; sower. 56. Hungary, 1919; harvester. 57. Lithuania, 1921; sower. 58. Hejaz and Nejd (now called Saudi Arabia), 1931. 59. Bulgaria, 1925; harvesting. 60. Uruguay, 1901; basket of fruit. 61. Venezuela, 1930; Simon Bolívar.

We continue on this page our series of reproductions of postage stamps. A diversity of subjects has already been included—stamps illustrating aeronautics, archaeology, athletics, ex-rulers, musicians, portraits of famous men, and native types—and here we publish a display of stamps representing each country that has sent a delegation

to the World Economic Conference, which makes a very comprehensive field. As is well known, Panama is one of the very few countries missing. It will be seen that prominence is given to issues of countries in the British Empire by the grouping of these together in the middle of the page. All are shown slightly reduced in size.

THE CAMERA EXPLAINS THE "SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN" MYSTERY.



THE MYSTERIOUS "SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN," ONCE AN OBJECT OF SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD TO THE PEASANTRY OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS, SUCCESSFULLY "LAID" BY THE CAMERA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SHADOW OF THE OBSERVER THROWN ON A BANK OF CLOUD BY A LOW SUN; HIS ARMS AND LEGS BEING CLEARLY SEEN, AS WELL AS THE TYPICAL RAINBOW RING.



TWO "SPECTRES OF THE BROCKEN" SIDE BY SIDE: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH IS OF ADDITIONAL INTEREST AS SHOWING SO CLEARLY THE SHADOW OF THE RIDGE, AS WELL AS THE TYPICAL RAINBOW RING.

The Swiss photographer, Mr. Arthur Brack, describes the occasion on which he obtained the remarkable photographs here reproduced. "I waited; then suddenly there was my shadow dangling in the empty air, gigantic and distorted, and surrounded by a bright rainbow-coloured ring. I was myself in the presence of the famous spectre of the Brocken. It was a shadow picture of me, which the sunshine threw on to a background of clouds." Though not actually the first time that this mysterious apparition has been photographed and published (we illustrated it in our number of November 5, 1927), the

photographs reproduced here are probably clearer and more striking than any ever before obtained. Mr. F. S. Smythe, F.R.G.S. (who photographed it in 1927), thus describes the famous optical illusion: "The rare and beautiful phenomenon known as 'the Brocken Spectre' derives its name from the Brocken, a peak in the Hartz Mountains, where its appearance used formerly to excite the superstition and awe of the simple peasantry who lived in the neighbourhood. . . . The 'Spectre' is actually the shadow of the observer thrown by a low sun against a wall of opaque mist."

Beautiful English Gardens: Water-Colour Studies by Haslehurst.

AFTER THE WATER-COLOURS BY E. W. HASLEHURST; RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE GATOREX GALLERIES, 14, GRAFTON STREET, W.1. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

THE Englishman's love of gardens is proverbial ; and this paper has always made a feature of gardens of outstanding interest, whether for historical, purely professional, or other reasons. The English gardens we have illustrated in colour this year include that of the Prince of Wales at Fort Belvedere, in Berkshire, and that of the Duke and Duchess of York in their country home at Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park. Further, we have been able to give our readers some very beautiful coloured illustrations of gardens in France. On this and the succeeding page we show four corners of English gardens—each in its own style a sight of matchless beauty. The artist, Mr. Haslehurst, is justly celebrated for his landscapes and out-of-door work generally, and many of his pictures have been purchased for permanent exhibition both in England and in the Dominions.



IN THE THAMES VALLEY, WITH ITS LUXURIANT VEGETATION: "A GARDEN AT SONNING" (BERKSHIRE).



IN THE BEAUTIFUL COTSWOLDS: "HERBACEOUS GARDEN, LOWER SLAUGHTER MANOR."

Beautiful English Gardens: Water-Colour Studies by Haslehurst.

AFTER THE WATER-COLOURS BY E. W. HASLEHURST; RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE GREATOREX GALLERIES 14, GRAFTON STREET, W.I. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"THE MANOR DOVECOTE, LOWER SLAUGHTER": A RELIC OF THE RIGHTS ANCIENTLY EXERCISED BY THE LORD OF THE MANOR; ITSELF DATING FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, IF NOT EARLIER.

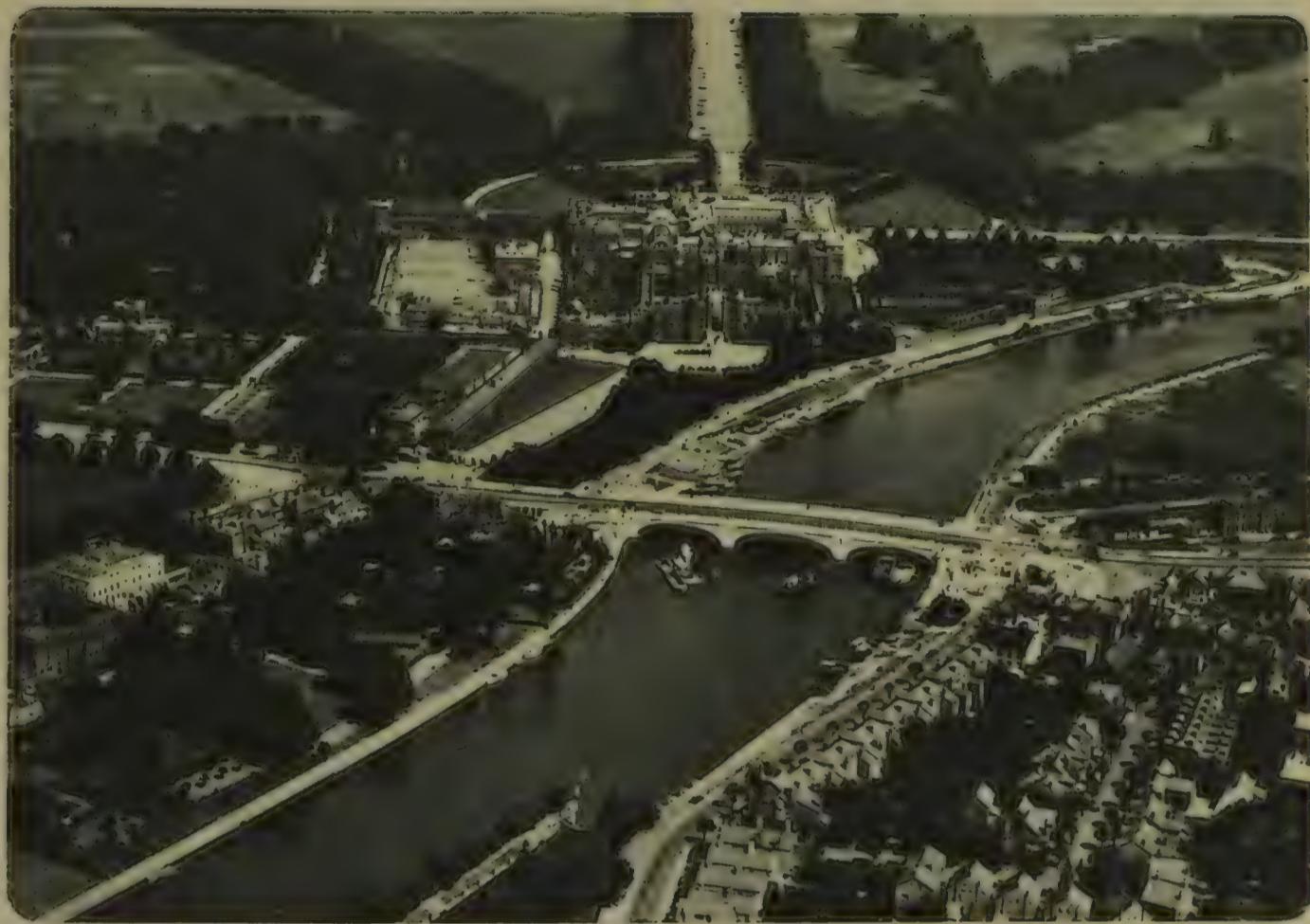
THIS summer, as in previous years, a number of beautiful English gardens have been thrown open to the public in the interests of charity; and this pleasant custom of our country lends an added interest to the water-colours which we reproduce on this and on the preceding page. Particular interest attaches to the view of the garden at Eltham seen on this page. In the background is a niche in the wall. This, Mr. Haslehurst informs us, was used for receiving glowing charcoal to warm the fruit trees growing on the other side of the wall—an ingenious horticultural device that probably dates from before the days of glass-houses. These charcoal-niches occur every seven or eight feet along the wall. This garden, it may be added, once formed part of the old palace grounds at Eltham, and is, on that account, of great historical interest—for this palace was much used by the Plantagenet kings, and by their successors until Henry VII. abandoned it for Greenwich.



A SYMPHONY OF COLOUR ON A HISTORIC SITE: "ROCK GARDEN, THE GATEHOUSE, ELTHAM," A PLACE WHICH ONCE FORMED PART OF THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD ROYAL PALACE.

THE PRINCE OPENS THREE THAMES BRIDGES: A UNIQUE "TRIPLE BIRTHDAY."

THE Prince of Wales performed a unique threefold ceremony on July 3, when he opened three new Thames bridges, at Chiswick, Twickenham, and Hampton Court (all illustrated in our last issue), built for the Surrey and Middlesex County Councils. The Hampton Court bridge was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the Chiswick bridge by Sir Herbert Baker, and that at Twickenham by Mr. Maxwell Ayrton. The first ceremony was at Chiswick, where the Prince was received on arrival by Lord Rochdale, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, and Lord Ashcombe, Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, and cut the tape stretched across the bridge with a pair of specially designed scissors bearing the arms of the two counties. The Prince then drove to the new Twickenham bridge, which he similarly opened, and thence to Hampton Court, where the chief ceremony took place. Along the approaches to the new bridge thousands of school-children gave him a great cheer, and in the middle a pavilion had been erected, from which he made a speech referring to all three occasions. "I do not think there is any precedent," he said, "for the inauguration of three bridges across the Thames in one day. The County Councils may well be proud of this prolific achievement, and I am glad to be here with the parents to celebrate the triple birthday."



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES AT HAMPTON COURT, DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A., WHERE THE THIRD AND PRINCIPAL OPENING CEREMONY TOOK PLACE: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING HAMPTON COURT PALACE BEYOND.



THE PRINCE OF WALES "CUTTING THE TAPE" ACROSS THE NEW BRIDGE BETWEEN CHISWICK AND MORTLAKE: THE FIRST OF THE THREE OPENING CEREMONIES.



THE PRINCE (HOLDING THE SPECIAL TAPE-CUTTING SCISSORS BEARING THE MIDDLESEX AND SURREY COUNTY ARMS) ON THE NEW BRIDGE AT TWICKENHAM.



THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HAMPTON COURT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (IN CENTRE, RAISING HIS HAT) ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERS AS HE WALKED ACROSS THE NEW BRIDGE, WHERE HE DELIVERED HIS SPEECH FROM A SPECIAL PAVILION ERECTED IN THE MIDDLE OF IT FOR THE OCCASION.

HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES:

A PAGE OF MEMORABLE HAPPENINGS.



OXFORD UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON IN CAMP: ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBERS OF AN ORGANISATION WHICH IS NOTABLE FOR ITS KEENNESS AND EFFICIENCY; WITH R.A.F. OFFICERS.

The keenness of the undergraduates in camp with the Oxford University Air Squadron (at Eastchurch, Sheppey) is remarkable. This year there is a special incentive for proficiency, as Sir John Siddeley has presented the squadron with a trophy for annual competition. The member who wins it is to receive a replica, and will have his name and year set on the plinth. The winner will be able to regard himself as a good all-round pilot, being the best man in the squadron at general flying, aerobatics, and spot-landings.



AT THE OPENING OF LIVERPOOL'S NEW AIRPORT BY LORD LONDONDERRY: FORMATION FLYING IN A SPECIAL R.A.F. DISPLAY WHICH FOLLOWED THE CEREMONY. Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, flew to Liverpool on July 1 to open formally the Liverpool Municipal Airport at Stoke. Lord Londonderry's aeroplane was escorted by nine Bristol Fighters. As he stepped from the machine to be welcomed by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the escorting squadron dived across the airport at a speed of 200 miles per hour in a farewell salute. He then declared the airport open in a short speech.

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Original Copies:



LONDON
Printed by Isaac Laggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

THE SHAKESPEARE FIRST FOLIO SOLD FOR £14,500— A NEW RECORD PRICE: THE TITLE PAGE.

The sale of the library of the late Lord Rosebery was concluded at Messrs. Sotheby's Rooms on June 30. The bidding for the magnificent Shakespeare First Folio illustrated here opened at £2000; and progressed by bids of £500 until the field was left to Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York, and Mr. Rham, representing Dr. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, and the latter's bid of £14,500 had the call. This establishes a new record for a First Folio.



THE ROYAL SHOW AT DERBY: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BIG, ELONGATED SITE OF THE SHOW, WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN ARRANGED TO VISIT.

An area of about 100 acres was enclosed for the annual Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, opened at Osmaston Park, Derby, on July 4. The King and Queen arranged to visit the Show on July 5. The preparation of the ground occupied nearly twelve months, and gave employment to a large number of local men out of work. An interesting feature of this year's Show is provided by the new class of implement exhibits. A condition of securing the medal in this class is that any implements competing shall have been fully tested under working conditions. Pneumatic-tyred cart-wheels, a potato digger, and a vegetable feeder are among the medal-winning implements.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD: H.R.H. IN THE COURSE OF HIS INSPECTION OF

THE NEW WINGFIELD-MORRIS ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL, AFTER FORMALLY OPENING IT.

The Prince of Wales visited Oxford on June 30, to open the Wingfield-Morris Orthopaedic Hospital at Headington. H.R.H. arrived in his own aeroplane, which landed in Port Meadow. He drove from thence in the company of the Duke of Marlborough (Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire), Sir Montagu Burrows, Chairman of the Hospital, and Sir William Morris, through whose generous gift of £70,000 the hospital has been entirely rebuilt.



THE NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AT BERKHAMSTEAD: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (DEPUTISING FOR THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT) LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

The Duke of Connaught, President of the Foundling Hospital, was unable to lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings at Berkhamsted on June 30 owing to indisposition; and Prince Arthur of Connaught took his place. The Ashlyns estate at Berkhamsted is finely situated at some 500 feet above sea-level. The buildings have been designed by Mr. J. M. Sheppard, and will provide accommodation for between 200 and 250 boys and an equal number of girls.



EFFORTLESS POWER



A postcard will secure for you a copy of the V-8 Catalogue, describing and illustrating a remarkable motor car.





FIG. 1. THE SOUTH END OF A LARGE HELLENISTIC CISTERN.

The cistern is over 30 yards long, and has apsidal ends. The roof was supported by eleven columns, one of which is seen here. Behind the column is a staircase.

THE British School at Athens, which had for two years been occupied with the excavation of the sanctuary of Hera Akraia in Perachora, last year carried out a third campaign. The site, it may be remembered (see *The Illustrated London News*, Nov. 15, 1930; May 2 and Nov. 28, 1931), is a remote spot at the end of a headland running out into the Gulf of Corinth—a peninsula with Corinth on the mainland to the south, and, to the north, the ranges of Kithæron, Helikon, and Parnassos. Though during the two previous seasons the foundations of a sixth-century temple had been discovered by the harbour, this was known not to be the original temple of Hera; for an immense number of small votive objects, in several cases with dedications to the goddess, had been found in another part of the site—on the slopes of a little valley which runs up from the sea; and here also were various foundations and walls which certainly were not part of a temple. In 1932, therefore, it was decided to clear this area.

Once more great numbers of votives were brought to light, and finally the foundations of the Heraeum were reached in the south-eastern part of a space enclosed by a rough wall. This space, the ancient temenos (or precinct) of the temple, was evidently rectangular. The east wall is 25 metres in length; the north and south walls are not intact, but from the deposit of votives it seems likely that their length was about 30 metres. The temple itself, like many very early temples, is of small dimensions; it measures 9'5 by 5'5 metres, and faces north and south; it is at least as early as the beginning of the seventh century. An interesting feature is the presence, in its centre, of a rectangular sacrificial pit, edged with stone, which was found to be filled with ashes. It is unusual to find an altar actually within the building, but parallels are offered by early temples in Crete and elsewhere. Of the inscribed votives, in all there have been found three with dedications to Hera, not "Akraia" (as the temple is called by ancient authors), but "Limenia" (of the harbour); it is, therefore, quite certain that this early temple, placed above the sheltering curve of a dangerous headland, was sacred to Hera, who in this case was regarded as the protectress of the harbour.

Excavation in the immediate neighbourhood of the temple again produced a remarkable series of small objects: pottery, ivories, bronze statuettes and vases, and numerous imports. Among the bronzes are several good specimens of geometric horses (Figs. 12 and 13), a couchant lion

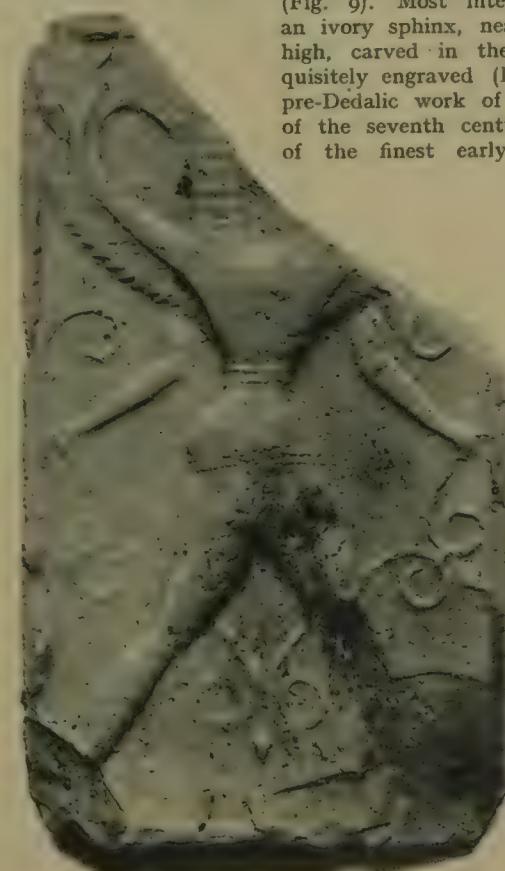


FIG. 2. A CLAY PLAQUE, WITH A WINGED FIGURE IN RELIEF UPON IT, HOLDING FLORAL SCROLLS OF A FORM CHARACTERISTIC OF THE BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. (ACTUAL SIZE, ABOUT 6 1/2 INCHES HIGH.)

This plaque is of particular interest as showing demonstrable connections with another sanctuary of Hera, for a plaque made from the same mould was found over thirty years ago in the excavations at the Argive Heraeum. Connections with Argos, indeed, are marked.

THE DISCOVERY OF A HERÆUM ON THE GULF OF CORINTH:

BRITISH RESEARCH AT PERACHORA: AN EARLY TEMPLE OF HERA LIMENIA (PROTECTRESS OF THE HARBOUR) FOUND AND "A REMARKABLE SERIES OF SMALL OBJECTS."

By H. G. G. PAYNE, Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens. (See Illustrations on pages 66 and 67 numbered according to the author's references.)

(Fig. 18), from a dinos or cauldron, and a running Gorgon (Figs. 14 and 15), which probably formed part of the decoration of a tripod similar to those found in 1930. In 1931 one of the most important finds was a bronze lion, 7½ inches long, of fine Protocorinthian workmanship. During the last season an object of very similar style was found—a

Among the ivory seals are several by the same hand as certain of those found in the Argive Heraeum; and other Argive objects include fragments of a large geometric crater and many terra-cottas.

In addition to pottery, a very large number of imported objects was found. It included about 500 faience scarabs, beads, and small figures of animals and human beings; the total of these objects for three years is over 750. Some of the scarabs are considered to be Egyptian; others, it is said, may possibly come from Cyprus or Syria; a bronze earring plated with gold is definitely Cypriot. A bronze belt-clasp in the shape of a lion, curiously stylised, from its resemblance to certain Scythian and Cappadocian bronzes, may be said to be Scythian in origin. Finally, from East Greece comes a carnelian scarab engraved with a kneeling figure of Herakles about



FIG. 3. A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR TEMPLE, STOA, AND HERÆUM VALLEY AT PERACHORA, FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE ROCK.

The harbour temple lies in the immediate foreground almost exactly beneath the lighthouse rock, from which the photograph was taken. Just beyond this is the Chapel of St. John and the Doric Stoa. In the middle distance are the foundations of the Heraeum, and above these rises the eastern acropolis, on which can be seen the chapel of St. Nicholas, a small white building just below the pinnacle. In the far distance is a spur of Geraneia, the mountain which lies to the north-east of the Isthmus of Corinth.

to fit an arrow to his bow—one of the finest existing examples of the gem-cutting of the later sixth century.

After the excavation of the Heraeum area and the clearance of the votive deposit, attention was turned to that part of the site which lies by the harbour, due east of the sixth-century temple. Trenches dug just above the seashore laid bare a stretch of pavement composed of pebbles set in cement; and further excavation disclosed here a fairly well-preserved Doric Stoa of limestone with pebble flooring. An L-shaped building, with each back wall measuring just over seventeen metres, it had a façade of six Doric columns on each side; of these one column drum was still standing in position and another was found near the stylobate. The rest had disappeared, but their position could be ascertained from the builder's marks on the stylobate. Fortunately, many large fragments of the entablature were lying within the Stoa, so that reconstruction of most features of the façade is certain.

[Continued overleaf at top of page.]

FROM THE HERÆUM OF PERACHORA. NEW RELICS OF EARLY GREEK ART.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY MR. H. G. G. PAYNE, DIRECTOR, BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.
(SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 65.)



FIG. 4. AN IVORY SPHINX OF THE BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. (NEARLY 3 INCHES HIGH.)

THE building was faced with fine marble stucco; on it there are many traces of patterns in red, blue and black, from which the colour scheme of the whole can be restored. Within and about the Stoa were numerous fragments of architectural terra-cottas. These are mostly decorated with lotuses and palmettes in the style of the late fifth or early fourth century—a date confirmed by various other features of the building. Also within the Stoa

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 5. THE HANDLE OF A SITULA (PAL) WITH THE HEAD OF A SATYR. (LATE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.)

were many fragments of Ionic half-columns, again faced with marble stucco. These certainly belong to the building, but it has not yet been possible to determine their position with absolute certainty; they may have formed an interior decoration, standing on the back wall at some distance from the ground. Apart from the architectural fragments, the Stoa contained no object of interest except a life-size hand in bronze, broken

[Continued below.]



FIG. 6. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE IVORY SPHINX SEEN IN FIG. 4, CERTAINLY CORINTHIAN WORK.

FIG. 7. AN IVORY SEAL WITH A WINGED LION.



FIG. 8. AN IVORY SEAL WITH A PRANCING CENTAUR.



FIG. 9. A BONE FIGURE OF HERA AND TWO IVORY ANIMALS, A RAM AND A CALF.

FIG. 10. AN IVORY SEAL WITH AN ENGRAVED DESIGN OF A SPHINX.



FIG. 11. AN IVORY SEAL WITH A SPHINX (THE REVERSE OF FIG. 8).



FIG. 12. A BRONZE HORSE OF THE LATE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C. (THE END OF THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD).

The above photographs illustrate Mr. H. G. G. Payne's article on page 65 describing recent discoveries at Perachora, and are numbered to correspond with his references. The full titles supplied read as follows: (Figs. 4 and 6) "Ivory sphinx of the beginning of the seventh century." Like almost all the ivories from this site, this is certainly Corinthian work. The style in which the head is carved is clear evidence of a period not much later than that of the disappearance of Geometric art from Greece. The tail ends in a small animal's head which projects near the upper end of the wings."—(Fig. 5) "Handle of a situla (pail), decorated at the point of junction with the vase with the head of a satyr. Late sixth century B.C."—(Figs. 7 and 8) "Two ivory seals. Above, a winged lion—a characteristic design of a seal of the early seventh century. Below, a

from—a—statue perhaps while it was being carried down to the sea. Between the Stoa—and—the—harbour—temple a large base or altar was revealed. This also stood on a stretch of pebble-flooring, and consisted of a frieze of metopes and triglyphs surmounting a low plinth; the scheme is analogous to that of other Corinthian and provincial-Corinthian monuments. An Ionic column stood on either side, the base of one being preserved. This, and the capitals of the half-columns from the Stoa, closely resemble in style those from the temple at Bassæ. The line of buildings which begins with the Stoa and the metope-and-triglyph altar is continued by the harbour temple (possibly a temple of Artemis), which was excavated in the first two campaigns. The statue base of this

[Continued at top of next page.]



FIG. 13. A BRONZE HORSE OF THE SAME DATE AS FIG. 12, AND FOUND WITH IT IN THE PRECINCT OF THE TEMPLE.

prancing centaur holding a branch in his right hand; about the second quarter of the seventh century B.C."—(Fig. 9) "Bone figure of Hera and two ivory animals, a ram and a calf. The figure of Hera is almost certainly Laconian, and this may well be true of the other two figures. The animals were pendants; on the calf is an iron ring for suspension, not visible in the photograph. First half of the seventh century B.C."—(Figs. 10 and 11) "Two seals with engraved designs of sphinxes. The lower sphinx is on the reverse of the seal (Fig. 8) with the centaur."—(Figs. 12 and 13) "Bronze horses of the late eighth century B.C. (the end of the Geometric period). These were both found in the lowest stratum in the precinct of the temple. Several other examples of the same kind were found, and many have been discovered on other sites in Greece."

ART OF THE 7TH AND 6TH CENTURIES B.C. FROM THE PERACHORA HERAEUM.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY MR. H. G. G. PAYNE, DIRECTOR, BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 65.)

Continued.

temple was taken up last year, and below it were found five small archaic silver coins. Immediately to the south of the temple, and forming with it a right angle, lies the Agora; the sea-front of what is now a small shallow harbour must therefore at one time have presented a fine series of public buildings. Within the Agora the foundations of a Roman house were revealed; this dates from the second century A.D. or later. The Agora itself belongs to the late fifth century; evidence of its date was given by some well-preserved fragments of painted terra-cotta cornice clearly belonging to this period. Of later date—fourth or early third century—is a terra-cotta head of a woman, two inches high. It still remains to clear

[Continued on left.]

FIG. 14. A BRONZE GORGON, FROM A VASE OR TRIPOD, OF THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: THE FRONT OF THE FIGURE.

the area behind and above the Agora—a field composed of white earth which is undoubtedly a post-classical deposit. Up to the present a single trench has been dug across this field; at a depth of fifteen feet the white earth gives place to a

[Continued opposite.]

FIG. 15. THE SAME BRONZE GORGON AS SHOWN IN FIG. 14, DATING FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: THE BACK VIEW OF THE FIGURE.

black layer in which pottery was found, among it the lower half of a very early seventh-century plaque with figures. It is hoped in the future further to explore this area, and perhaps to find confirmation of the theory that the field covers the site of an early temple.



FIG. 16. A BRONZE DOVE, WHICH PROBABLY ONCE STOOD ON THE UPPER PART OF A TRIPOD: A WORK OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. (PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE IT HAD BEEN COMPLETELY CLEANED)



FIG. 17. THE BRONZE DOVE WHICH IS ALSO ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 16 ABOVE: A BACK VIEW.

FIG. 18. A BRONZE LION OF THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: A FIGURE WHICH HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN ATTACHED TO A VASE.

FIG. 19. A CLAY FIGURE OF HERA OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.

Like those on the opposite page, the above illustrations relate to Mr. H. G. G. Payne's article on page 65; where he records the latest results of his excavations at Perachora, on the Gulf of Corinth. His descriptive titles have had to be given in a slightly compressed and separated form under the photographs owing to the arrangement of the page and to restrictions of space. In full they read: (Figs. 14 and 15) "Bronze gorgon, from a vase or tripod of the middle of the sixth century B.C.—a four-winged flying figure with winged boots of a regular archaic type, but exceptionally well conceived and finely executed."—(Figs. 16 and 17) "Two views of a bronze dove, which probably once stood on the upper part of a tripod. The photographs were taken before it had been completely cleaned. It was found a few inches below the surface in an area which had been disturbed in the Hellenistic period; the style shows it to be a work of the

seventh century."—(Fig. 18) "Bronze lion of the middle of the sixth century. There is a lead filling below which shows that it was attached to a vase, doubtless a large bowl with an incurving rim."—(Fig. 19) "Clay figure of Hera of the second half of the seventh century. The dress is painted with red patterns." In his article Mr. Payne states that the immediate neighbourhood of the temple of Hera Limenia ("Protector of the harbour") at Perachora produced a remarkable series of small objects: pottery, ivories, bronze statuettes and vases, and numerous imports. Among the bronzes he specifies the "couchant lion" (Fig. 18) from a dinos or cauldron, and a running Gorgon (Figs. 14 and 15), which probably formed part of the decoration of a tripod. Mr. Payne also mentions that the dove (Figs. 16 and 17) is very similar in style to a bronze lion of fine Protocorinthian workmanship found in 1931.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOW that we are all in conferential mood, doubtless there will be much reading of books that bear on current questions. We shall, perhaps, take them to the seaside, instead of detective stories! One book, in particular, demands the attention of the general public, as well as of statesmen, and that is "THE GREAT ILLUSION 1933." By Norman Angell (Heinemann; 6s.). Here we have an up-to-date revision of the famous work (translated into twenty-five languages) whose predictions were so amply fulfilled by the war and its after-effects, and in its new form it remains a vital commentary on all the problems brought before the Economic Conference. The book is divided into three Parts. The first shows the relevance of the original argument to the present crisis; the second is a "summarised and re-arranged version" of "The Great Illusion"; and the third consists of notes on the post-war vindication of its thesis.

I have mentioned the claims of this book to be read widely by the public, because Sir Norman Angell constantly emphasises his point that it is popular opinion, fanned by popular demagogues, which is the great obstacle to world recovery, rather than any mistakes or shortcomings of politicians and economists. Regarding the Versailles Treaty, he writes: "Many witnesses have testified that some of its most dubious clauses were inserted, not because the Governments and actual treaty-makers believed them to be feasible, but because public opinion demanded them. . . . Nowhere do we see reflected in that Treaty the belief that our prosperity is dependent upon that of our neighbours, that our economic stability can only be secured by international co-operation."

If King Demos, ignorant and blundering, is thus the stumbling-block to world welfare, it would seem manifest that democracy should give place to some form of "sophocracy" (the rule of the wise); that statesmanship should be a properly organised public service, instead of a vote-ridden amateur empiricism; and that only those who had passed through a regular system of training and education, including world travel, and had proved their benevolence and ability to govern, should be qualified to exercise administrative power. If every nation were thus organised, there might be some chance of reasonable international co-operation. At present, it might be inferred from this book, we are practically subject to mob rule. "While (we read) there is this large measure of agreement in technical and expert opinion, popular opinion, electorates, the kind of opinion which Governments, dependent upon votes, most fear, takes issue with the expert at every point. While the experts explain that policy must be increasingly international, the public becomes, in fact, increasingly national."

It is not in our own country alone that the political scientist encounters these obstructions. "America," the author proceeds, "presents this spectacle: on the one side all the economists, all the bankers, all the experts, insisting that the European Debts should be ruthlessly scaled down or cancelled; that only as the result of very great imports of European goods, made possible by a low tariff system, could these debts be paid to America. On the other side, the great mass of popular opinion, nearly all the voters, all the Congressmen, nearly all the Senators, insisting that the debts shall be paid and the tariff upheld." Kindred difficulties occur in Europe and in Asia. "At a time of deep economic distress and unemployment," he says, "the appeal which most moves the suffering millions of Germany is one for equality of armament. . . . Further East, in Moscow, the ruling order has followed an identical psychological method in political advocacy. . . . In Ireland, the electoral policies of Valera, based on the exploitation of old historical animosities, proved much more successful than the appeals of Cosgrave to Ireland's economic interest in retaining close co-operation with Britain. Indian nationalism displays similar characteristics." Later on, Sir Norman Angell foretells the failure of Japanese aggression in Manchuria and China.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN ITALIAN BRONZE BOWL OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Appreciation of the decorative qualities of bronze has descended from classical times to the Italians. Despite the perfection of many works in cast bronze during the Middle Ages, it was not until the Renaissance that this art attained its widest diffusion. Artists specialised in casting statuettes and utensils modelled on the antique, and the present bowl, which must have been made shortly after 1500, is a splendid example. The arms repeated on the body and foot cannot be identified with certainty, the heraldic charges represented being common to many families. After being in the Massimo Collection, the bowl was acquired by the late George Salting, and formed part of his magnificent bequest to the Museum in 1910.

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We are not entitled, however, to point complacently to the mote that is in our neighbour's eye. Recalling a recent speech of the Prince of Wales, in which he said: "The doctrines of economic self-sufficiency and exclusive nationalism spell disaster. . . . All nations are realising more and more that they are economically interdependent," Sir Norman Angell points out that the same audiences which cheer the Prince when he utters such wise words, will with equal fervour cheer doctrines diametrically opposite urging that "this internationalism is all bunk," and that "the League of Nations ought to be scrapped." The Prince's advice, it is pointed out, agrees with that of men like Sir Arthur Salter, Professor Clay, Mr. Maynard Keynes, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Sir Walter Layton, Sir Josiah Stamp, Sir William Beveridge, and a host of others, who have devoted their lives to a study of the subject. Discussing the prevention of war, Sir Norman Angell writes: "The primary problem is not to 'stop war,' as a fire-brigade might examine means of putting out fires; it is to discover what motives stand in the way of creating an internationally workable world." Even more important than analysis of motives is to establish a system of government under which right motives can prevail.

Indications of the same line of thought on several points occur in a valuable little book called "PROBLEMS OF THE NATIONS." By R. B. Mowat, Professor in the University of Bristol, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford (Arrowsmith; 3s. 6d.). "Security," writes Professor Mowat, "is the main need of the world, and it can be obtained only through international co-operation and regulation." Chapters are devoted to the League of Nations, Germany, Soviet Russia, Italy, the United States, war debts, and the reduction of armaments. Professor Mowat concludes with an appeal to youth.

"The world lacks [decision and leadership] because so much of it is governed by tired old men. . . . The generation of men who should now be the world's rulers was bereft of half its numbers in the World War. . . . If the League of Nations has not yet solved these problems, this is not due to any fault of its own, for the League is simply the Governments which compose it, and the fault is theirs; or, rather, the fault is with the peoples whose opinions and urgings are the driving force of Governments. . . . The League depends on the youth of the world, and these, so far, have not supported it as they should. . . . The field for their activity and idealism is here. The Age of Chivalry is not dead, but its call is not now to a mediæval Crusade or to a Flanders battlefield, but to the international movement, in which all the ends of the earth are met."

From a rather different point of view—that of Continental

Europe—co-operation is the watchword of a far-sighted and suggestive historical study entitled "THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE." By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris (Duckworth; 8s. 6d.). This book, we learn, was originally published in Germany under the title "Der Geist Frankreichs und Europa," in 1926, and the author died before the plans for an English translation were completed. Explaining his aim, he wrote: "France is to-day the representative of what may justly be called the purely European genius. To investigate the nature of that genius is the task of this book." His attitude is more suggestive of the Stresemann than the Hitler mentality, and I am not sure how far the book may commend itself to me, however, to be a hopeful sign of latent tendencies towards the much-desired Franco-German reconciliation.



A LANDSCAPE BY A FAMOUS PORTRAIT-PAINTER IN THE EXHIBITION OF EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS: "ROCKS, TREES AND BRIDGE," BY T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788).

This example of Gainsborough's work in landscape is included in the 29th Annual Exhibition of Early English Water-Colours, at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. Two other pictures in this exhibition, by Wheatley and Rowlandson, are reproduced on the opposite page.

PARLIAMENT": Speeches, Questions, and Answers Thereto in the House of Lords and the House of Commons from 1919-1930. With an Introduction by Roland E. L. Vaughan Williams, K.C. (Grant Richards; 8s.). "In this volume," writes Mr. Vaughan Williams, "the reader will find the case both for and against Hungary and the Hungarian claims, and he is left to draw his own inferences. This feature gives a refreshing novelty to the book, and affords an example of fairness which one would like to see more generally followed in controversial literature. The debates arose out of questions asked in Parliament, and among the speakers were some of our most distinguished Parliamentary figures." They include, besides many others, the late Lord Balfour, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Bryce, Lord Thomson, and Lord Curzon.

From the grievances of other nations I turn to a book on our own chief trouble in this country—"S.O.S. TALKS ON UNEMPLOYMENT." By S. P. B. Mais. Illustrated (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). Through the medium of broadcasting, Mr. Mais has become the spokesman of the workless, and a doughty advocate of social service and occupational clubs. The excellent work he has done, as our readers will recall, was noted in these pages in connection with some illustrations of such activities in Scotland a few weeks ago. The qualities that impress me in this volume are his burning enthusiasm and his modesty. Its purpose is twofold. "It is to tell you," he says, "that in the Occupational Clubs the unemployed are not only finding companionship, regaining strength, and securing the necessities of life at a lower rate than would be possible elsewhere, but are founding a permanent Working Man's University. . . . Secondly, it is to show you that there is still much work for you to do."

In tackling these social problems, co-operation and the sense of interdependence among individuals are as important as in international affairs. Quoting a remark by an unemployed ship's cook—"I'm not out so long as people treat me as one of themselves"—Mr. Mais observes: "That's the whole point of the matter. The unemployed man is one of us, and it's our job not to let him forget it. We are either members one of another, or social life has no meaning at all." Is not this also the whole point of the matter in international relations—that peoples, as well as people, should realise that they are "members one of another"?

C. E. B.

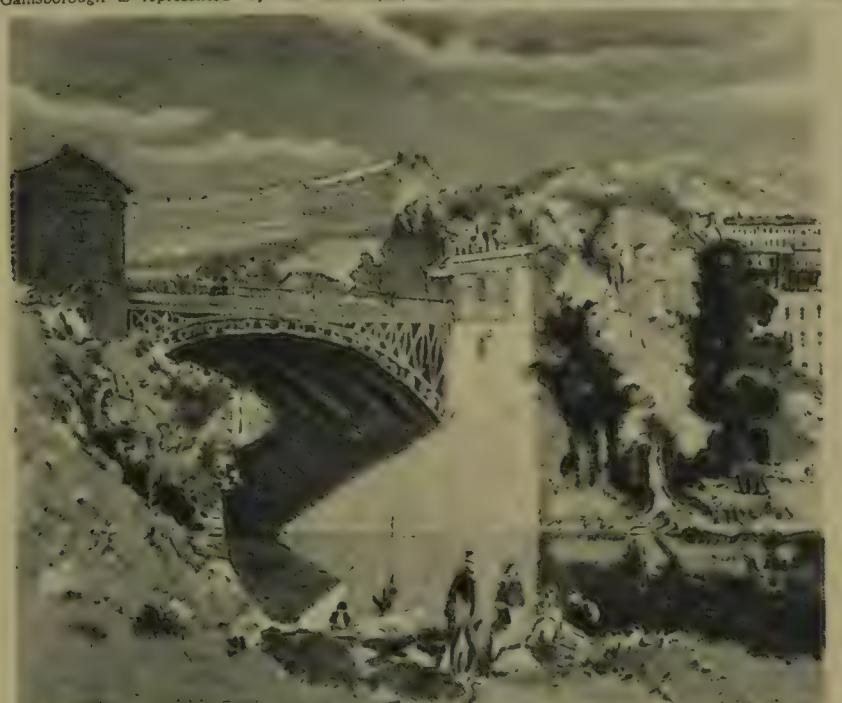
ROUND THE LONDON ART EXHIBITIONS:
EXAMPLES BY MASTERS OLD AND NEW.

"FEMALE FIGURES AT A BATHING PLACE," BY F. WHEATLEY, R.A. (1747-1801), IN THE EXHIBITION OF EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS, AT WALKER'S GALLERIES.

We reproduce on this page some notable pictures, by artists living and dead, which are included in various exhibitions now current in London. The two examples given above are both in the twenty-ninth Annual Exhibition of Early English Water-Colours recently opened at Walker's Galleries, and to continue until the autumn. There are nearly two hundred exhibits in all. Thomas Gainsborough is represented by two landscapes, one of which is reproduced on the opposite page,



"GAMING HOUSE—WHERE A PARCELL OF SHARKS MEET TO BITE ONE ANOTHER'S HEADS OFF," BY T. ROWLANDSON (1756-1827), IN THE EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION, and there are several works by Cozens and J. S. Cotman. Francis Wheatley, of course, is famous for his "Cries of London." Among his ambitious works were pictures of "The Gordon Riots" and "The Irish House of Commons." He first exhibited at the Academy in 1771. Thomas Rowlandson, the caricaturist, had much personal experience of gaming houses. An article on his work as an artist appears on page 70.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street.]



"CAMDEN CRESCENT, BATH" (1932), BY RICHARD SICKERT, A.R.A. (BASED UPON A WOODCUT BY FRANCESCO SARGENT): A PICTURE INCLUDED IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY.

An exhibition of forty-two original works by Richard Sickert was recently opened at the Beaux Arts Gallery and will continue until July 29. Most of the paintings are entirely new to the public, and the older ones are of sufficient importance to make their reappearance welcome. The ensemble thus produced affords a more complete idea of the artist's varied moods and technique than could have been done if the exhibition had been confined to recent work. All the pictures are dated in the catalogue. Some of the paintings, "The Raising of Lazarus," "The New Bedford," and "Katie Lawrence," are well known to be among the best and most important pictures that the artist has ever produced—they have helped to establish his position among English artists of the present day. The other pictures exhibited, though more modest in scope, are none the less effective in achievement. Among the finest of the recent paintings may be mentioned "Camden Crescent, Bath," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Grover's Island from Richmond Hill," "Christine at Bath," "The Empress Eugénie," and "The Third Republic."

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Beaux Arts Gallery, 1, Bruton Place.



"THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER" (1932), BY RICHARD SICKERT, A.R.A. (DEVELOPED FROM AN ILLUSTRATION BY SIR JOHN GILBERT), IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY.



"END OF THE BRIDGE," BY EDWARD BRUCE (THE AMERICAN PAINTER WHO IS A DELEGATE TO THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE), EXHIBITED AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

At the Leicester Galleries, on July 4, there was inaugurated an exhibition of paintings by Mr. Edward Bruce, who is not only well known in America as an artist, but is also a member of the U.S. delegation to the Economic Conference. He has travelled in the East, where he studied Chinese art, and has painted in Italy and Provence. At his Paris Exhibition in 1929 the French Government bought his "Farm in Savoie" for the Luxembourg. He has since been inspired by the impressive architecture of American cities.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, Ltd., Leicester Square.]



"MALLARD IN A THUNDERSTORM—FULBOURNE FEN," BY PETER SCOTT: A PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION OF HIS OIL-PAINTINGS OF WILD FOWL AT ACKERMANN'S GALLERIES.

An Exhibition of Oil Paintings of Wild Fowl by Mr. Peter Scott is being held at Ackermann's Galleries, and will remain open till July 15. The artist is the son of Lady Hilton Young, the sculptor, and the late Captain Robert Falcon Scott, the famous Antarctic explorer, who, with four companions, reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912, only to find that he had been forestalled by Amundsen, and to die on the return journey. Mr. Peter Scott has two pictures in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy—"Grey Geese" and "Pink-footed Geese."

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann and Son, 157a, New Bond Street, W.1.



THE illustrations from "The Loyal London Volunteers" of 1799 which appeared on this page last week were, by their very nature, hardly typical of the work of Thomas Rowlandson; they were good enough of their kind, and admirably fitted to their purpose, but it would not be fair to judge so considerable an artist by a publication in which his natural exuberance was cramped by the exigencies of a set subject demanding very formal treatment. Besides, these soft-plate etchings, however carefully done, can only be a translation, and not an inspired reproduction, of the original drawings. The photographs which accompany this article miss the colour of the originals, but do give an accurate rendering of the fine, nervous lines of the drawings.

If you listen to the Rowlandson enthusiasts—of whom there are many—you will be in danger of falling into the gross error of thinking him the greatest of English draughtsmen. His work is so lively, his range so wide, his sense of fun so infectious, his broad humanity so engaging, his ability to handle crowds so accomplished, his touch so sure, that anybody may be forgiven for throwing overboard his critical faculties and surrendering to Rowlandson's infinite gusto without more ado—until one remembers that

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE REAL ROWLANDSON.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ground only. Of the first there are two in the British Museum collection of exceptional interest. One is of no less a person than George Morland, standing in front of his fireplace at Hampstead in a green coat; the other of the Duke of Cumberland, the much disliked brother of the Regent—this last strongly satiric, for the Duke is striding into a large room with an enormous glass held to his eye, while the Prince is seen in the distance with his back turned.

The intimate and wholly delightful study of Morland is a reminder of Rowlandson's friendship with the unhappy painter: the two had much in common, including a taste for the more disreputable pleasures; but Rowlandson managed to lose his money only,

not so coarse as those of Gillray, who has already strutted across this page on a previous occasion; but then, it was a coarse age, not to be judged entirely by



1. ROWLANDSON AT SEA: "THE MARGATE PACKET"—A DRAWING WHICH IS REMARKABLE RATHER FOR THE CUNNING WITH WHICH THE FIGURES ARE DISPOSED THAN FOR THE ACCURACY WITH WHICH NAUTICAL DETAILS ARE RENDERED.

and not his health. He was an incurable spendthrift and gambler, and quite the last person to hold up to ingenuous youth as a model, except in the matter of his untiring industry, which was phenomenal; and his good humour, which was unfailing. He was an extremely acute observer of the foibles of humanity, and as agile as a monkey in seizing upon unconsidered trifles of carriage and conduct. He is, if you like, an uncommonly good antidote to an over-sentimental view of his times. His jokes can be coarse, though

the inspired lyricism of Gainsborough or the pretty conceits of Angelica Kauffman.

No doubt his strong satiric bent, even in a purely pastoral scene, makes him a witness to the contemporary comedy, more notable for pungency than for extreme accuracy. What he lacks in subtlety he makes up in vigour of characterisation. He can handle crowds at a country fair with the easy mastery of a Rubens, and every little figure is dancing, jumping, fighting, shouting as if it was alive, and not just a stroke or two of a reed pen. One looks in vain in his single figures for extreme sensitiveness; one would not have chosen him to do the portrait of a cultured woman—but no man (see Fig. 3) could make a better drawing of two buxom wenches with a sense of humour. It occurs to me that, had he been gifted in another way, he would have made an astonishingly good diarist; his work betrays just those qualities which endear Samuel Pepys to us—the same delight in a good or naughty story, the same immense gusto, the same quick intuition. Perhaps he can be compared with his contemporary Thomas Creevey, that entertaining commentator undeservedly dismissed by the late Lytton Strachey as a contemptible place-man—with this difference, that Creevey was perfectly at home among the great, while Rowlandson was happier in a tavern.



2. ROWLANDSON AS A SERIOUS ARTIST: A STUDY OF THE "ROYAL DOCKYARDS, DEPTFORD," IN WHICH THE FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND ARE, FOR ONCE, QUITE INCIDENTAL TO THE COMPOSITION, AND MERELY FOILS TO THE DESIGN OF THE LARGER PICTURE.

he did not understand ships and the sea like Van de Velde, nor the beauties of English landscape like Gainsborough, nor architecture like Canaletto, nor was he master of the extreme delicacy of, shall we say, Mr. James McBey. To say this is not to disparage his contribution to art, but merely to avoid an excess of praise which he himself would have been the first to deprecate. His manifold virtues, in short, are of sufficient quality to withstand even the enthusiasms of his fanatic admirers.

Rowlandson was born in 1756, and worked first at the Academy school, and then, thanks to a doting aunt married to a Frenchman, in Paris. He made a name quite early as a portraitist and exhibited at the Academy, but soon forsook the usual type of picture for the tinted drawings, largely inspired by an irrepressible sense of caricature, by which he is now remembered. These exist by the hundred in various private and public collections. Some few, notably two in the collection from which these illustrations have been taken, are pure studies in landscape, drawn near Okehampton, and make one wonder what he might not have accomplished if his temperament (and his market) had allowed him to concentrate upon this form of art. (Poor Richard Wilson did, and in consequence was often short of a meal.) But in general Rowlandson believed that the proper study of mankind was man, and his most successful and characteristic drawings are either of figures alone or of crowds of people, with natural scenes as a back-



3. THOMAS ROWLANDSON'S APPROACH TO THE FEMALE FORM—WITHOUT MUCH SUBTLETY, BUT WITH CONSIDERABLE VERVE AND ASSURANCE: "THE SIRENS"—"TWO BUXTOM WENCHES WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR"—VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE INSPIRED LYRIC FIGURES OF GAINSBOROUGH, OR PRETTY SENTIMENTAL LITTLE WOMEN OF ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, WITH WHOM THEY ARE ROUGHLY CONTEMPORARY.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Frank T. Sabin, New Bond Street.

It is impossible to reproduce on a small scale the crowded drawings I have mentioned above, but Fig. 1 is a very fair example, both of his ability to organise the space at his disposal, and of his extraordinary power of giving life to his characters. In Fig. 2 the boats and figures in the foreground are merely foils to the larger picture: in this he is the serious artist; in the former his engaging trick of caricature almost makes us forget how good a draughtsman he is. The temptation to compare him as an illustrator with James Tissot, whose paintings of the 'seventies have recently been on view at the Leicester Galleries, and have been reproduced in these pages, is irresistible: there is no doubt, to my mind, which of these two gives a more lively and intimate picture of his times; and it is no wonder that Thomas Rowlandson continues to fetch high prices in the sale-rooms.

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A PLACE OF WINTER SPORTS AS A SUMMER HOLIDAY CENTRE: GOLF, TENNIS, BATHING, AND FISHING AT ST. MORITZ.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE fame of St. Moritz as a centre for winter sports is world-wide, but those who have known it only in the winter can scarcely imagine the beauty of its summer setting—the marvellous blending of colour of the pine forests, with their sombre green, grassy slopes of emerald, rocks showing every shade of brown, snow-clad heights, and the glassy surface

and "Campfer," set amongst the undulating pine woods which line the valley of the River Inn. Cool, shady roads connect all three, and each section of St. Moritz has its own peculiar charm. In the "Dorf," you have the wider view of the snow-clad heights which well-nigh encircle St. Moritz, and entrancing upland walks, and you have at hand the funicular railway

displaying the choicest of wares, form a contrast between the old and the new which is almost bewildering!

Down in the "Bad," you are nearer to the lake, and its boating and fishing, to pleasant walks, with an easy gradient, and the Spa, with its alkaline, carbonic acid, iron springs, and all facilities for taking these valuable medicinal waters and for utilising them in the form of baths: the St. Moritz Spa is extremely up-to-date, and has every form of bath, light, and massage treatment, accommodation for the sun- and rest-cure, and a centre for physical training; while the natural beauty of its surroundings must play a leading part in its regimen.

"Campfer" has a sequestered, tranquil setting and a rich, rustic beauty. Here are winding woodland walks where you may gather wild flowers, lead the simple life, and observe Nature at her best. Here the Inn dashes downwards, in a series of rapids, to St. Moritz Lake, between steep, pine-clad slopes, and invites the expert to measure his skill in a canoe against its tumbling, rock-studded waters; and here, too, is a delightful little forest-girt lake beside which you will like to linger for long. From "Campfer," a very pleasant excursion is to the Lakes of Silvaplana and Sils, and to Maloja, just beyond, amidst the wildest mountain scenery, on the very edge of a plain from which the descent is steep to the Italian border.

Golf, tennis, bathing, boating, climbing, and fishing afford a very pleasant round of sport for the holiday-maker in St. Moritz; a more delightful walk than that through the woods, by the Statzer See, to Pontresina cannot be imagined; and to ascend by the funicular railway to Muottas Muragl and view the plain of Samaden and the valley of Pontresina on the one hand, and on the other St. Moritz, far below, with its beautiful lake, and the lovely lakes beyond, glistening like pearls amidst a setting of the darkest green, with the snow-capped giants of the Alps—Piz Palu, Piz Bernina, Piz Surlej, the Rosatch, Piz

THE BEAUTY OF ST. MORITZ AS A SUMMER RESORT:
A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH WHICH HAS ACTUALLY
CAUGHT A RAINBOW CURVING FROM THE PLAIN OF
THE Celerina, BY THE END OF THE CRESTA RUN,
ON THE LEFT, TO THE LOWER WOODS OF THE
STAIZER ALP, SEEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
ST. MORITZ LAKE ON THE RIGHT.

Photograph by Albert Steiner.

of the crystal-clear lake, reflecting, as in a mirror, the greens and white of the surrounding slopes and the blue of the azure sky above.

Add to this a climate with a thin, pure air, giving little resistance to the healthful violet rays of the sun, abundant sunshine, a small rainfall, gentle breezes to freshen the heat of the day, and cool, invigorating nights; excellent facilities for almost every kind of sport; a spa, situated amidst glorious pine woods, with health-giving springs, renowned for their virtue from Roman times to our own; and a situation which enables the visitor to reach, by car or by rail, every place of interest in the Engadine within the space of a day, and to return at night to one of several hotels which, for comfort and cuisine, can vie with any in the world, and you have, in St. Moritz, in summer-time, a centre for a holiday which few places can rival.

Whether you journey to St. Moritz by the very cleverly-constructed Rhaetian railway, which winds its way from Chur through the Lower to the Upper Engadine, or by road, over the Albula Pass, you will be thrilled with the astonishing variety of mountain scenery, and delighted with the profusion of wild flowers, filling the air with their fragrance, and the quaint red-roofed and white-walled villages of the Engadine, some picturesquely perched on the edge of a ravine down which dashes a mountain torrent; whilst the busy scenes of peasant life add to the interest and pleasure of the prospect.

In St. Moritz you will have the choice for your stay between the "Dorf," which lies high up on the southern slopes facing St. Moritz Lake, the "Bad," which clusters around the western edge of the lake,



ANOTHER WONDERFUL VIEW WHICH GIVES A SENSE OF THE EXHILARATION OF LIFE AT ST. MORITZ IN SUMMER-TIME: A GENERAL VIEW OF ST. MORITZ DORF (LEFT) AND ST. MORITZ BAD (RIGHT) WITH PIZ ROSATCH ON THE LEFT, AND CAMPFER HIDDEN AMONG THE PINE WOODS ON THE RIGHT.

enabling you to ascend to the Corviglia, and look down on the lovely panorama of lake, town, and forest below you, whilst here, houses of the old Engadine type, set amongst palatial hotels and shops

Albana, Piz Julier, Las Trais Fluors, Piz Ot, and Piz Uertsch—standing sentinel around—is to witness a scene of grandeur of which the memory will remain through a lifetime!

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

VISITORS to Great Britain desirous of seeing the country cheaply should certainly arrange to buy or hire a car for the period of their stay. England is having excellent sight-seeing weather this summer, and there are a large number of cars which are available at prices so small that motoring to-day is very economical. Also practically every dealer will sell you a new or second-hand car, and contract to buy it back again at the end of your furlough at an agreed price. Therefore your charge for the car is known beforehand. In fact, so equitable is this arrangement that several of my readers have written to me stating that the firms from which I recommended them to buy their cars three years ago when last over here gave them such excellent prices

holiday motoring in these notes, in case other readers did not know of these facilities.

Another item in which much saving in the cost of a tour can now be made is the hotel bills. The Automobile Association issue their "Handbook Supplement," containing a list of inspected hotels, boarding- and farm-houses, restaurants and cafés, where one can get a bed for half-a-crown a night and upwards. I believe five shillings is the maximum charge per person at any of these moderate-priced hostels, and the cost of meals is equally moderate. It is an excellent guide, and probably more than saves an A.A. member the cost of his

Coachwork Care
Saves Expenses.

Keeping cars in a smart condition largely helps to lengthen their years of useful service to their owners. I know some folk will not be bothered with a great deal of "spit and polish." "Coachwork does not receive always the attention it deserves," to quote an admirable brochure on "Care of Body-work," issued recently by Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley



A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH ILLUSTRATES IN AN INTIMATE WAY THE PRODUCTS OF A GREAT BRITISH FIRM: MR. W. E. ROOTES, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF HUMBER, LTD. (WHO IS ALSO CHAIRMAN OF ROOTES, LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY), AND HIS SON BRYAN, WITH A HUMBER "SNIPE" SPORTS SALOON AND A HUMBER BLUE STREAK BICYCLE.

at the close of their tour that these visitors have asked me to book them suitable motors for their return to England in the autumn this year. It was this booking of cars for them that reminded me to refer to

inspected by the officials, so the visitor can be sure that they are clean, comfortable, and give good but plain English, Scotch, or Welsh cooking.



A POPULAR 1933 MODEL: ONE OF THE FREE-WHEELING ROVER PILOT "14'S" (OF WHICH THE SALOON IS PRICED AT £258), IN AN ARISTOCRATIC SETTING.

annual subscription, by showing him (or her) how to tour Great Britain at a minimum cost. The Royal Automobile Club also publish another list of country inns, where the charges are half the price of the ordinary good-class hotel. All places in both these lists have been duly

Motors, Ltd., as a general instruction-book on this matter. I know of a car which had its paintwork spoilt last year by standing practically all day in the sun on a very hot day at the seaside. Therefore I am not surprised to find the Siddeley people stating "the garage should be damp-proof and well ventilated, free from dust and without direct rays of strong sunlight playing on the body, as these are detrimental to paintwork. The latter also applies while car-parking. Rain spots or 'blobs of water' should not be allowed to dry naturally, especially on the heated portions, such as the bonnet and scuttle, as they are thus baked into the paintwork and are apt to leave stains." Removing such stains is laborious and also helps to remove much of the actual paint. Therefore, wipe down your car in wet

[Continued on page 78.]

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THE HUNGARIAN SEA: THE ATTRACTIONS OF LAKE BALATON AND ITS SHORES FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER.
By CLIVE HOLLAND.

HUNGARY still possesses three large lakes, and Lake Balaton, more than forty-five miles in length, the greatest, is also the second largest lake in Europe.



THE BEAUTY OF LAKE BALATON — 40 MILES LONG AND SECOND LARGEST EXPANSE OF FRESH WATER IN EUROPE: SAILING-BOATS IN AN IDYLLIC SETTING OFF THE PENINSULA OF TIHANY.

Its shores are very picturesque and afford considerable variety of scenery. Those of the north are bounded by the vine-clad hills of the Balaton-Felvidék, which extend from Almádi to Keszthely. The green woods and their terraced vineyards, in which are white wine cellars, with villas dotted here and there on the slopes above the lake, remind one somewhat of scenery on the Italian lakes.

The waters of the lake are very rich in minerals, and are highly radio-active, and it is no wonder, therefore, that along its pleasant shores, in many spots at which there are magnificent sandy beaches ideal for bathing, there are to be found quite a number of holiday resorts much visited by the Hungarians themselves and foreign tourists. The

season lasts from spring until early autumn, at which latter time of year, indeed, the tree-clad hills present a wonderful sight with their gorgeous autumn tints. The scenery of Lake Balaton—though it is true the hills which surround the lake in places are somewhat dwarfed in appearance by the vast expanse of water—has inspired many artists, and Lake Balaton is famous throughout Central Europe for the magnificence of its sunsets. Those who have seen these never forget the wonderful variety of brilliant colours in the evening sky, and the red sun sinking into the western waters.

Lake Balaton is not only popular with holiday-makers who delight in wild-fowl shooting, fishing, small boat sailing, rowing and steamer excursions, but also with numbers of people who come for the various cures that the health resorts dotted along its shores provide. Not the least pleasant feature of its shores are the pretty little villas and bungalows which of late years have been dotted amid the pine-trees, or the flower-decked fields which surround the lake. The Balaton district is

famous for the colour, beauty, and variety of its wild flowers, and we should be sorry indeed to state definitely the number in scores, if not hundreds, of varieties which are to be found within the Balaton district. One remembers with delight, as one's train or car passes on its way from Budapest to Balaton, fields scarlet with poppies, purple with some variety of larkspur, or blue as the sky with forget-me-nots, and white as snow with wild marguerites. There are excellent hotels at most of the resorts, and facilities for

amusements such as are generally found. The fine, clean, sandy beaches, both for bathing and sunbathing, are a sheer joy and remind one of the Lido.

Balaton Füred, with its thermal spring, is one of the most important of the health resorts. Among the many distinguished people who have visited it and benefited from the treatment is Rabindranath Tagore, whose delight at his cure resulted in a poem in praise of the place! Here one has a good choice of hotels and boarding houses of the modern type. At Heviz there is a wonderful thermal lake covered with lotus blossoms, which make it a sight of sheer beauty. There is a little harbour affording shelter for boats and the excellent white steamers which ply to and fro on the lake, and only a short distance by boat on the Peninsula of Tihany one finds much of interest.

High above the waters, on the tree-clad slopes, stands a Benedictine abbey founded in the middle of the eleventh century by King Andrew I., who lies buried in the church. It was here that King

[Continued overleaf.]



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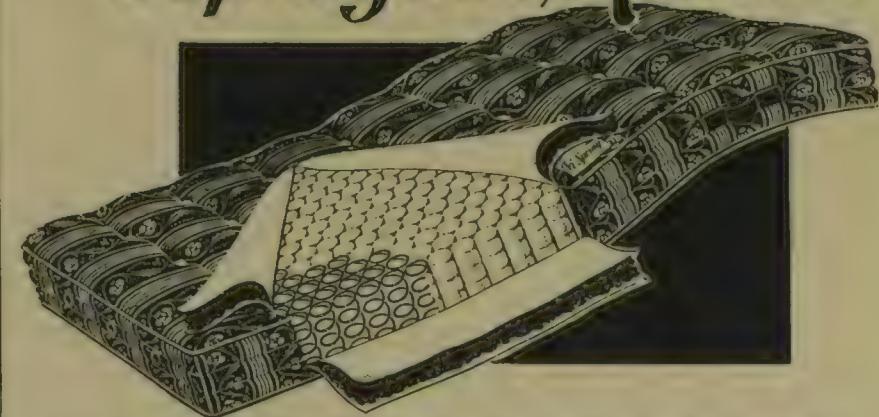
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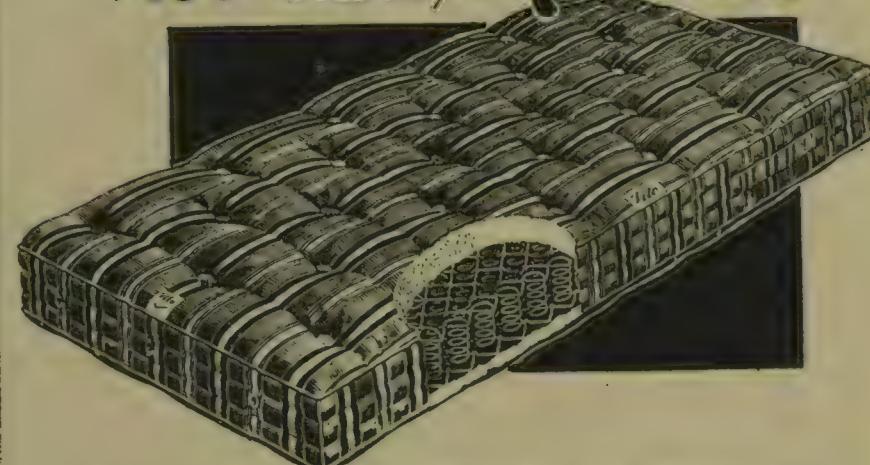
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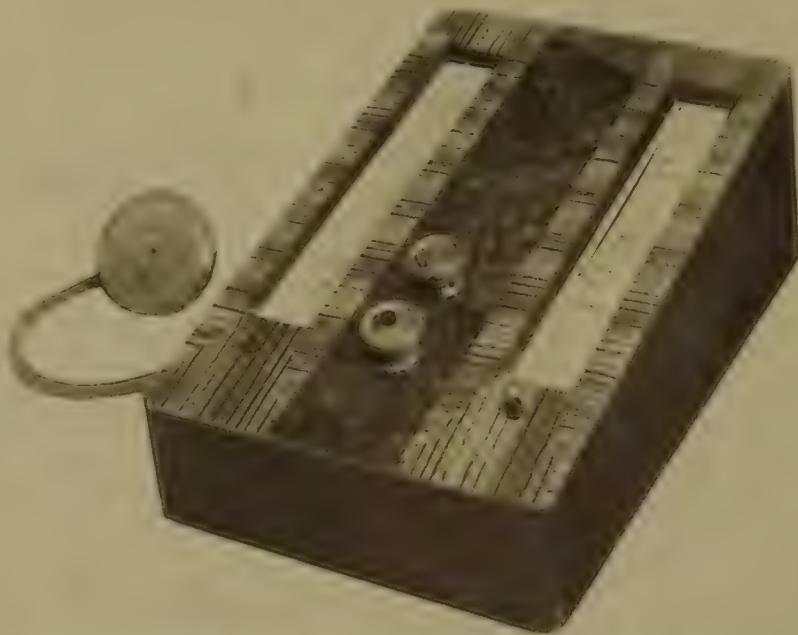
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Continued.

Charles IV., the last Habsburg King of Hungary, and his Queen spent their last days in their native land at the Monastery. There is a tradition that a wish sped towards the lake from a window in one of the galleries is sure to be fulfilled by a spirit known as "the Fairy of the Lake."

A very charming trip from Balaton Füred is to Badacsony, where one sees strangely shaped hills, obviously of volcanic origin, and masses of black basalt rock. A very fine type of wine known by the name of the place is grown on the slopes of these hills, the soil of which is very similar to that of the famous vineyards upon Vesuvius. Not unnaturally, Balaton, with its fine climate in summer, has appealed as a background to film producers, and at several points of the lake film-stories have been staged; indeed, it may be said that filming goes on at one place or another of this delightful district throughout the summer.

Hungary thus, it will be seen, can provide for the tourist a "seaside" holiday of charm and variety—only the water is fresh. At most of the resorts there are good tennis courts, and facilities for indoor amusements and dancing. For sportsmen the lake is an earthly paradise. Wild-fowl are abundant, and in the woods and the fields there is a considerable amount of game to be had. Fishermen are in their element, for large catches of fish are easily made, and some of these run to a great size, affording splendid sport. The lake in the vicinity of the various villages and health resorts is dotted over with white-winged craft and rowing boats and canoes on fine days, and along its shores are to be found many camping



RADIO TUNED-IN FROM YOUR ARM-CHAIR: THE "RADIO ROBOT."

To the invalid confined to bed or to the ordinary listener who likes radio entertainment in comfort, the ability to select or reject any programme without physical effort will be greatly appreciated. This can now be done by using the Annan-McKinlay Tele-control illustrated above. It is a device whereby the receiving-set can be relegated to the attic, cellar, or cupboard, yet it may be operated from any room in the house. By touching one button on the apparatus (which may be held on the lap), the set is switched on, and the long or medium wave-bands made available; then, by turning the lower of the two knobs shown in the photograph, a pointer is brought opposite the name of the broadcasting station desired. Immediately this is done, the programme from that station will be heard from the loud-speaker situated anywhere in the room. Volume is controlled infinitely by rotating the uppermost knob. For blind listeners the position of broadcasting stations will be available in Braille. Further particulars concerning this useful apparatus may be obtained from Halford Radio, Ltd.,

39, Sackville Street, London, W.1.

parties, for the region is a favourite one with the universal "hiker" of both sexes. Balaton is easily reached from Budapest, and the writer's experience is that the charges at the various resorts are so moderate as to level up the cost of the railway journey from England to a considerable extent.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.—(Continued from Page 74.)

weather. Also, when a car is washed with all its windows, sliding roof, and windscreens closed to stop the water penetrating the interior, see that doors and windows are left open later so as to be sure to dry out the inside or enclosed spaces. But for a complete programme of how to keep your car always smart, send a postcard to Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., Coventry, England, and they will send you their pamphlet free of cost. Perhaps I had better mention that it has no advertising matter in it at all. It is full of very useful tips and means of preventing troubles, as well as curing squeaks and other such ills. And the advice given applies to all types of coachwork, whether decorated in oil paint or cellulose enamel.

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Million Ford
Cars Made.

June 16 this year completed the thirtieth year of manufacturing by the Ford Company. During these thirty years no fewer than 21,000,000 Ford cars have been built. Mr. Henry Ford reminds me, too, that "the date also marks my fortieth year on the same job. I made my first engine in 1893, and it still runs. This is the engine that won the Selden Patent suit." That legal battle, by the way, was the *cause célèbre* in motoring, as the Selden Patents claimed the right to prevent anybody in the U.S.A. building internal-combustion engines without paying them a royalty for a license. How the years do roll by! It seems only yesterday that I rode in one of these early Ford cars to have lunch with the late Mr. H. F. Locke-King at Weybridge, to chat about his and his wife's project to build the Brooklands motor-racing track. The plans of the track were not drawn then. Henry Ford, too, had only built a few cars. Brooklands to-day can claim to have taught the motor manufacturer how and where to improve his cars, while Ford certainly created the motor for the million in these intervening years. Hence the two combined have made present-day cars good mechanical jobs, as well as cheap to obtain.



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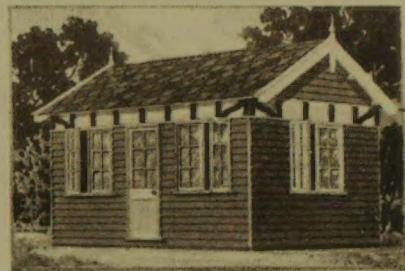
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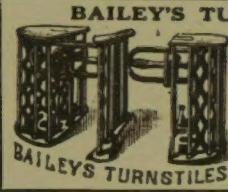
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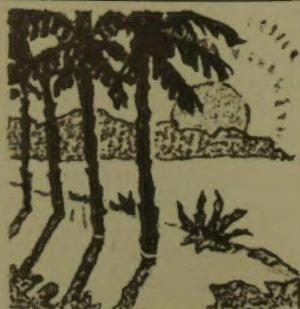
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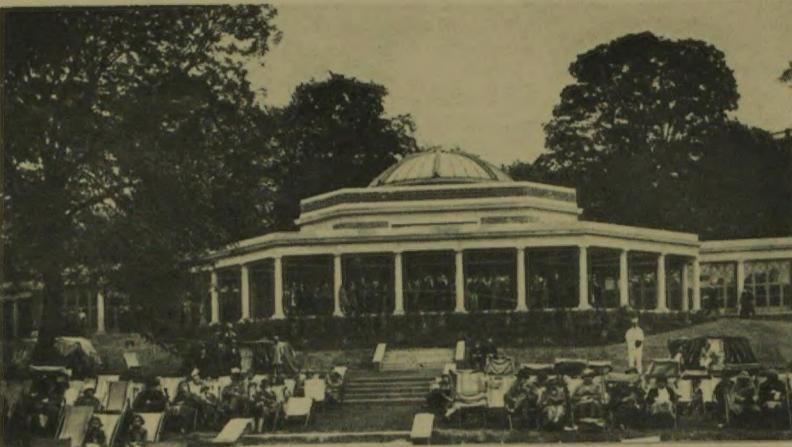
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MRS. BLUEBEARD," AT THE GARRICK.

THE theory of certain managers that cheap prices are liable to suggest to the public that the play is a cheap production is to some extent proved by the extremely tolerant criticisms "Mrs. Bluebeard" has received. It is the sort of entertainment that has already, and will again, win approval of patrons of provincial and suburban music halls, but it is extremely unlikely to attract such playgoers to the West End. For, though the prices at the Garrick

are cheap enough, they are still a few pence higher than those charged at suburban Hippodromes. The music is poor, and in the main gets the singing it deserves. The book is a lamentable concoction of worn-out gags and threadbare situations. Convention compels us to accept the statement that Dame Crusoe has "buried five



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE AMENITIES OF HARROGATE, THE FAMOUS YORKSHIRE SPA: THE NEW TEA PAVILION, THE CONCLUDING SECTION OF HARROGATE'S 600-FT.-LONG SUN-COLONNADE, WHICH WAS OPENED ON JUNE 17 BY LORD HORDER OF ASHFORD, PHYSICIAN TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

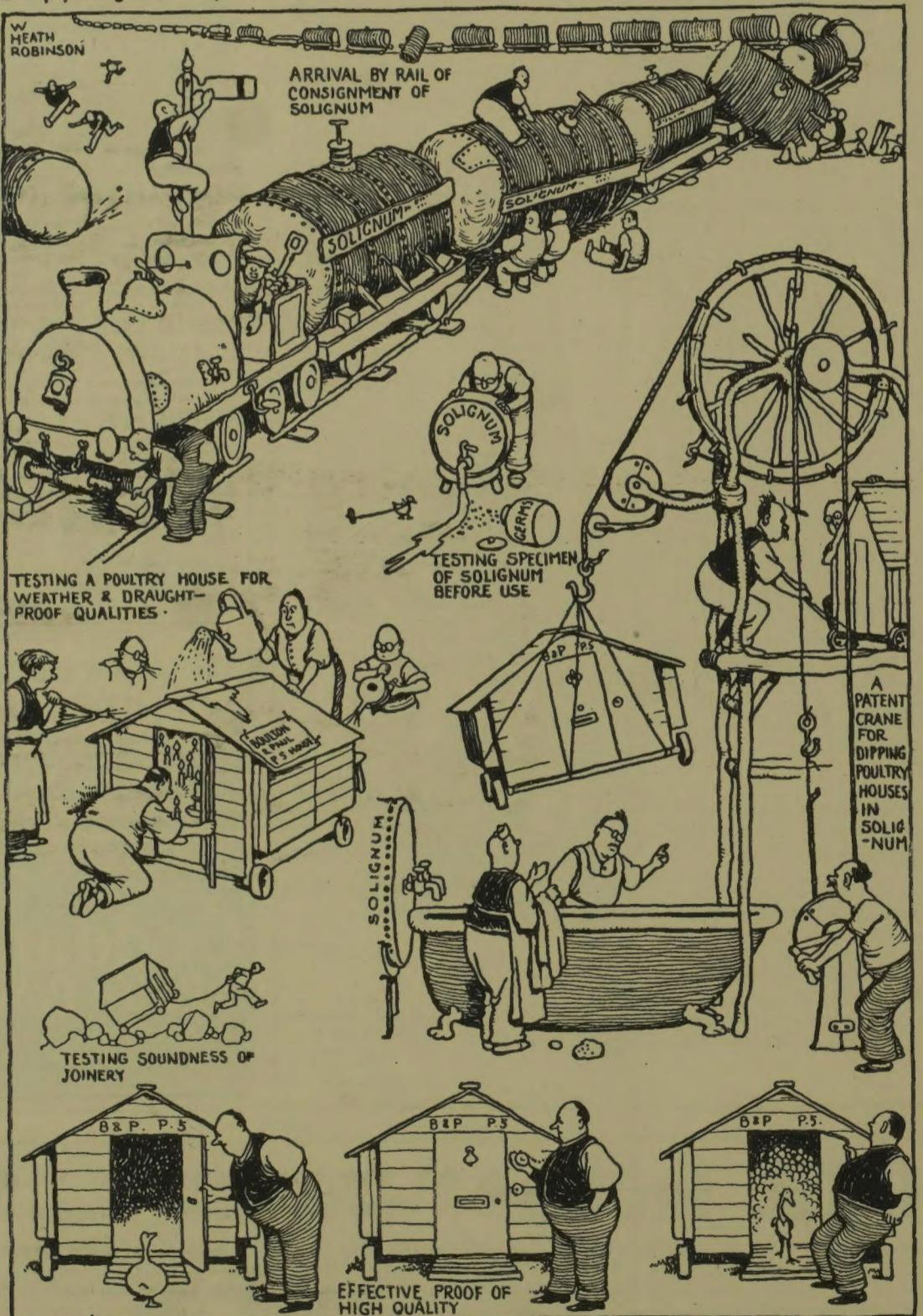
The latest addition to the many amenities of Harrogate is the new "Sun Walk." This scheme involved the erection of a Vita-glass roofed sun-corridor, 600 ft. in length, terminating in a new café and concert-hall. The present structure is the first part of a project of which the next is to erect a new Pump Room—the eventual cost being reckoned at some £60,000.

but the nuptial pleasures, or displeasures, of such a type are not amusing to many. There is this to be said, however: Mr. Ernie Lotinga is a first-class comedian. The material he handles is appalling; he not only makes quips without straw, but he gets laughs by juggling with humour about as light as a hundredweight of bricks. Even the super-critical were compelled to laugh at some of his antics, while he certainly sent others into convulsions.

"THE BALLET OF 1933," AT THE SAVOY.

To the middle-aged who have happy memories of being permitted to smoke a cigar while watching ballet at the Empire or Alhambra, "The Ballets of 1933" may not appeal very much. Gone is the light-hearted jollity and pirouetting which so admirably contrasted with the acrobatic and performing animal turns of a bygone day. Instead we have gloom, intense Mittel-Europa cynicism, and miming rather than dancing. In "Anna Anna" we learn (some of us for the first time) of "the Siamese sisters that exist, indissolubly linked, in the nature of every woman." Anna the gay (Miss Tilly Losch) embarks on a Rake's Progress, leaving the puritan half of herself (Miss Lotte Lenja) standing in the wings wailing a description of the horrible sights she is forced to witness. It is interesting enough, and Miss Tilly Losch mimics with great power. "Mozartiana," a ballet in the old style, might very well be, and is possibly intended to be, a burlesque of the Genée period. "Errante" is the most successful of the three ballets. It is harder to follow, but there are colour and movement. It is undoubtedly the most imaginative item on the programme. Here again Miss Tilly Losch, if she does not dance in the accepted sense of the word, mimics with real passion.

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The interesting result of a visit by the famous humorist, W. Heath Robinson, to Messrs. Boulton & Paul Limited, Norwich, the leading poultry appliance manufacturers



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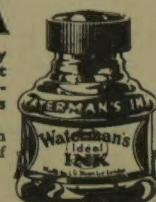
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